PARIS CHIT-CHAT;

OR

A VIEW

OF THE

SOCIETY, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, LITERATURE,

AND

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARISIANS,

BEING

A TRANSLATION

OF

"GUILLAUME LE FRANC-PARLEUR,"

AND ASSIMILATED TO THE

"PARIS SPECTATOR."

"Chacun a ses plaisirs, son esprit et ses mœurs."
BOILEAU, *Art. Poet.*

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
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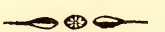

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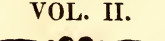

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OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

PARIS CHIT-CHAT,

OR

William the Plain-Dealer.

No. XXI.—*November* 5, 1814.

THE HOURS OF PARIS.

" Rien ne sert de courir: il faut partir a point."
La Fontaine.

To run avails but little; start in time.

Amphictyon built a temple at Athens in honor of the Hours, where those citizens who knew the value of time and opportunity, were in the habit of offering sacrifices. If such a temple existed in Paris, I would advise the provincials to offer their devotions there on arriving in the capital: for there is no part of the earth in which it is more necessary to render the hours propitious.

I am not one of those exclusive Parisians who can see nothing good or beautiful beyond the circumference of their own barriers. Every province of France appears to me to have its share of wit, wisdom, amiability, and cheerfulness; indeed, that national character, of which the Parisians consider themselves the type, and of which, properly speaking, they are only the mirror, consists of a happy mixture of the frank vivacity of the Bretons, the fidelity of the Picards, the ingenuity of the Normans, and the sprightly originality of the Gascons. What the provincials most want is *urbanity* (taking this word in its etymological sense,) a sort of politeness, or rather delicacy of mind, manners, and language which prescribes the tone to be assumed, the seat to be occupied, the expression to be chosen, in all places and societies. This art of social proprieties, which extends to the most minute details of life, and of which the professors and the models become every day more rare, is only to be acquired, or at least only to be brought to perfection, at Paris; and supposes a process of study and attention, so much the more unremitting and systematical, as the same custom undergoes twenty modifications in passing from one quarter of the city to the other.

The absence of this species of instruction is a continual source of contrariety and disappointment, as one of my relations unhappily experienced during his stay in the capital, where, through the space of a month, notwithstanding the most unprecedented activity, his

object was not only always out of reach, but even out of view.

The Baron d'Apreville is a worthy gentleman of Bigorre, whose life may be divided into two great epochs: the eighteen years which he passed in garrison at Metz, and the time of the revolution, which he had the good fortune of being able to employ in killing the rabbits and hares of the woods round his little chateau. He had never known a greater general than the fat major of his regiment, nor a greater man than the intendant of his province, with whom he dined regularly every Sunday, when he went on a furlough to Tarbes.

Cousin d'Apreville arrived in Paris with an enormous trunk, so filled with statements of services, genealogical tables, certificates of inspection, and letters of recommendation (which he had deemed it expedient to bring with him for the purpose of facilitating an application he intended to make to the court,) that there was scarcely room for an old uniform of royal dragoons, in tolerably good preservation, and a quantity of linen, rigorously calclulated for a stay of three weeks. I had intended to invite him to take up his abode with me; but he saved me the trouble of making the proposition, by taking possession of his own accord. At ten o'clock in the morning after his arrival, he sallied forth in full uniform, as if for a field-day, to deliver in person his letters of recommendation, from which the most solid advantage usually resulting at Paris, is an invitation to dinner. He returned fasting at seven in the

evening, with a list of dinner-invitations for every day of the succeeding month. We were just rising from table when he entered: he was, therefore, obliged to content himself with the little impromptu repast which we caused to be served up to him. While he was despatching it with an appetite that did honor to sixty-four, he told us that he intended to begin the following day by visiting the Thuilleries and attending the royal mass.

The baron went to bed early, rose early, and presented himself at the Thuilleries before the gates were opened. He was surprised to find a public walk shut at Paris, when the Esplanade of Tarbes was always open. After making the tour of them all, he entered by that of the *Pont Tournant*, walked a long time, sat down to read the papers, and, hearing the clock strike ten, returned to the castle, where he was informed that mass would not be celebrated till noon.

He considered that two hours would be easily passed in a place which offers so much aliment to curiosity. He walked under the vestibule—saluted the generals as they ascended the grand staircase—received the salutations of all the sentinels, and inquired of every soldier he met for news of Major de Meillonas of the royal dragoons, the finest regiment in France.

It was near noon, and the crowd was beginning to assemble on the terrace, when the Baron heard the drum beat for changing guard at the *Pont Tournant*. Seized with military enthusiasm, curious to see the method of changing guard at a royal palace, and judging

from his watch that he had sufficient time to spare, he set off at full speed, holding in one hand his sword, which, while it remained pendent, made rather too free with his calves. Having run through two thirds of the grand avenue, he had the satisfaction to see on one side that the guard was relieved, and to hear, on the other, the shouts of *Vive le Roi!* from the spectators on the terrace, which announced to him the presence of the king. Perceiving that his utmost exertions would not enable him to arrive in time, he thought of comparing his watch with the palace-clock, and discovered that it was half an hour too slow; he accordingly set it, with a considerable elongation of visage, resolving that another day he would take care to be in time.

Passing before a coffee-house in the Palais Royal, D'Apreville recollected that he had not breakfasted: he entered; scalded his mouth by the furious haste with which he swallowed a cup of chocolate, and ran to the Minister's audience. It was over. "But, Sir," said he to the door-keeper, "how is that possible? the "audiences of M. de Rocheporn, the intend-"ant of our province, were always from twelve "to two; and no man in this kingdom knew the "customs of the court better, or followed them "more exactly."—"That may be all very true, "Sir; but it is not less true that those of Mon-"seigneur are at nine in the morning: it is a "custom he has long observed, and he has "taken care to make the public acquainted "with it."—"I was not acquainted with it."

—"Now, however, you are: it is but to know "the practice, and come in time."

Returning from the Minister's the Baron stopped on the Pont des Arts, to admire the magnificent picture before him. As he traversed the place of the Louvre, a great number of persons were issuing from the Museum: he immediately drew a very logical conclusion, that they had previously walked in, and presented himself at the gate, with the intention of doing the same; but a Swiss in the King's livery informed him that the hour was past, and he could not be admitted. The Baron disputed the point, grew hot, insisted on seeing the principal manager, lost a great deal of time, and would not give up his object till he recollected that he was engaged to dine in the *Rue Taranne*, with the Marchioness dowager of Bremont. Without losing a moment, away he flew—repassed the Pont des Arts—arrived at the hotel: they were serving the coffee. The Marchioness scolded him for not having come to dinner. "But, "*Madame la Marquise*, it is customary to dine "so late at Paris."—"Not at my house, Baron: "I have preserved my habits; the old fashion "is the best: it will revive." D'Apreville put a good face on the matter, excused himself for having forgotten the Marchioness's invitation, and assured her he had taken an early dinner, in a snug way, at home. To obviate any doubt on this point, he felt himself obliged to stay a part of the evening; after which he transferred himself to the restaurateur's, and sat down with a very keen appetite to a very bad dinner,

served with a very ill grace by the waiters, who were angry with him for interrupting theirs. He had laid out his evening for the Theatre Francais: he arrived at the end of the third act of the tragedy he desired to see; he lost the other two in disputing with the check-takers to have his money returned, and in endeavoring to prove to them that the representations ought to begin in Paris, as in the country, with the farce: with which he was obliged to content himself.

On the following day he was engaged to dine with M. Dormer, the banker, in the *Rue de Mont Blanc*, and determined not to miss the hour. But amongst other provincial peculiarities, the Baron has that of thinking his self-love interested in never asking questions, through fear of betraying ignorance on the subject of inquiry. He knew that the dinner-hour was late in the *Chaussee d'Antin;* but he made no doubt of its being the fashion, as formerly, to arrive a full hour before sitting down to table. At four o'clock he was at M. Dormer's door. He inquired for *Madame:* the porter informed him she was just gone out in her carriage. "Gone "out!—whither?"—"To St. Gratien, in the "valley of Montmorency, four leagues from "Paris."—"The devil!—and Monsieur?"—"He went early this morning to Versailles; "but if you have business at the bank....."—"No, it is not at the bank," said the Baron, peevishly, pulling the door after him, and departing with a perfect conviction that the master and mistress of that house had forgotten the

invitation they had given him. He was, therefore, under the necessity of taking a second dinner at the restaurateur's.

He had heard much of the popularity of *Joconde:* he had heard that it attracted crowds; but no crowd impeded his entrance, and he walked in without observing a slip of paper pasted over the bill, which announced a change of entertainments. He went to see a piece with which he was unacquainted, and was treated with the *Deserter* and *False Magic*, which he saw for the hundredth time.

In his way out, he met a friend of M. Dormer, who told him he had been expected at dinner, and who had the greatest difficulty imaginable to make him understand that it is very possible to go out for an airing at three, and yet be back at six to do the honors of the house.

The poor Baron, whom all these crosses had thrown into despair, and who cursed with all his soul such a diversity of customs and manners, still chose rather to trust his own experience than to procure information which might have been so easily obtained. Consulting his memoranda the next day, he found himself engaged to dine with his relation M. D'Arboise, who had formerly been counsellor to the parliament, and had now retired to his hereditary house in the *Rue de Braque*, at the *Marais*. He repaired thither at five precisely, fortified, this time, against every species of disappointment. He found the company assembled in the drawing-room, and disposed at different card-tables.

A fourth was wanting for a party of whist, and, without giving him time to pay his respects to the master of the house, the cards were put into his hands. This custom of playing before dinner appeared to him rather absurd; but he had made up his mind to be no longer surprised at any thing. He had been playing more than an hour, and began to think it strange that dinner was not announced, when M. D'Arboise, who had finished his game, earnestly approached him, and said: "Do not excuse yourself: I did "not much reckon on your company: our hour "is not that of every one."—"To be sure it is "somewhat late."—"Nay, surely not: even in "this part of the town there are several fami- "lies that do not sit down to table sooner; "but my uncle lives with us: for eighty years "he has been accustomed to dine at *two*, and "as long as we have the happiness to preserve "him, we shall conform to his habits."

"It is too much," said the Baron, dropping his cards; "all Paris has conspired to starve "me to death!" The company laughed. M. D'Arboise questioned him. "The fact is," replied the Baron, "I have not dined to-day, be- "cause I am too late: I did not dine yesterday, "because I was too soon: and all because every "one lives in his own way in this infernal city. "One goes to bed when the other gets up; "there is no order, no regulation, no knowing "whom to speak to, or what is to be done." After this exclamation, which much amused the company, M. D'Arboise proposed that something should be brought in for him, but he

obstinately refused, and having finished the last rubber, and lost all the money he had in his pocket, he was under the necessity of returning to us, and revenging the cause of his irritated appetite, by relating the tribulations of that and the preceding day. He encountered many other vexations during his stay at Paris, which I propose to make the subject of a future number.

No. XXII.—*November* 19, 1814.

THE TWO BROTHERS;

OR,

WHICH HAS BEEN MOST PRUDENT?

" Vocat labor ultimus omnes."—*Virg.*
The crisis of the danger calls on all.

The French revolution changed the aspect of Europe. It did more, perhaps: it pervetred the national character. The most gay, generous, careless people on the face of the earth, became, for a time, the most gloomy, vindictive, and suspicious. The bonds of union between countrymen and fellow citizens, even the ties of consanguinity, were suddenly and violently broken: discordancy of opinion, change of principles on the one hand, inflexible adherence on the other; difference of party, adoption of opposite means, calculating selfishness, devotion to things or persons; such were the causes of

the sudden change which took place at that epoch in the French character.

It is easy to conceive the cruel results of these seeds of hatred and discord, in the midst of the revolutionary hurricane that swept the bosom of France; but it is difficult to comprehend, that twenty-five years of convulsion have not sufficed to eradicate them, and that they still manifest themselves in many minds, and always by the same indications. I see with indignation, that every possible method is put in practice to awaken and keep alive on both sides the mutual recollections of folly and injustice, to revive the denominations of party, and the rallying cries of faction.

The sentiment of our national glory, the love of our prince, now become inseparable from respect to the laws; such are the points round which we ought to re-unite, and collect our scattered remains: yet I still hear the same clamor as formerly, about *Royalists*, *Emigrants*, and *Jacobins;* and traces which ought to be effaced at any price, are deepened with dangerous complacency. More than fifteen years after the destruction of the League, Henry IV. well knew that there were *Leagues* in his court, but he took care not to remark them; he would not even seek to know them; and when he appeared in the Louvre between Mayenne and Crillon, it might have seemed that he was under equal obligations to both.

It is distressing to observe the kinds of labor to which some persons condemn or devote themselves. These professors in livery employ

themselves with a perseverance to which it will at last be necessary to give another name, in endeavoring to revive among the French that spirit of party which was beginning to expire. One of them lately made me a present of a work executed with this laudable design. The author has taken considerable pains in drawing up a synopsis, in which all the citizens are divided, first, into two great classes, under the generic names of *Emigrants* and *Patriots:* the former are subdivided into *pure and simple Emigrants*, *Emigrants of* 89, *Emigrants of the army of the Princes*, *late Emigrants*, *suspected Emigrants*. The other form two very distinct species, the *Royalists* and the *Revolutionists;* from whence branch off on one side, the *Aristocrats*, the *Vendeans*, the *Monarchists*, the *Moderes*, &c.; on the other, the *Republicans*, the *Jacobins*, the *Feuillans*, the *Girondins*, the *Montagnards*, and, finally, the *Terrorists*. I asked him what could be the possible utility of his genealogical tree: "It is an "instrument," said he, "of artificial memory, "which I have invented to preserve from ob- "livion all the faults, follies, errors and crimes "committed during the revolution."—"On all "these points," said I, "I shall say to you in "the words of Themistocles to *his* professor "of mnemonics: 'We should be much more "obliged to you for teaching us to remem- "ber.'"*

* Gratius sibi illum esse facturum, si se oblivisci quam si meminisse docuisset.—*Cicer.*

All parties have been in the wrong: all stand more or less in need of pardon or indulgence. Some individuals have followed the path of their duty; but even these are not exempt from the reproach of admitting no principles but those on which they have acted, and approving no line of conduct but that which they have pursued.

Two brothers, with whom I was intimate in my youth, met recently at my house, after a separation of twenty-four years. The first interview was most affecting: absence seemed to have drawn closer the ties of consanguinity, and the sweets of their re-union was proportioned to the cruelty of their separation. Eight days sufficed to exhaust these tender sentiments. To the testimonies of their friendship succeeded the recital of their misfortunes, the examination of their mutual conduct, the clash of their pretensions: one had emigrated, the other had not quitted France: thence, disobliging reflections, warm disputes, reproaches, and animosty, which might with little difficulty have been converted to hatred.

The two brothers appealed to me to decide their difference. Both related their adventures, and required me to decide, *which had been most prudent.* Before I communicate my decision, I shall allow each to state his case.

Charles and Augustus (I shall designate them only by their Christian names) were descended from a noble family of Bretagne: the eldest served in the navy, and the youngest had just purchased a company of cavalry at the

period when the *oath of the Tennis-court* gave the signal of the revolution.

Augustus, the youngest, began: " On the " first indication of the storm that gathered " over the throne, foreseeing the whole train of " subsequent calamities, I did not wait for the " *distaff* which the women, true judges of honor, " sent to all the gentlemen who delayed leav- " ing France, but departed immediately with " some other officers of my regiment, and pro- " ceeded to join those noble defenders of the " monarchy, those French chevaliers, who had " rallied round the white flag, which now " waved only at Coblentz.

" What enthusiasm reigned among the emi- " grants! Doubtless, if they could have gone at " once into the field, the most prompt success " would have crowned their efforts; but inter- " minable delays chilled their zeal: private " pretensions insulated individuals from the " general interest: the organization of the army " was completed under the most unfavorable " auspices; and the cause which demanded the " most absolute sacrifices, the majority listened " only to the dictates of personal ambition.

" I hastened to enrol myself at Worms, un- " der the banners of the prince of Conde. The " campaign of 1792 was but a retreat; that of " 1793 was fortunate and brilliant. I was pre- " sent at the encounter of the Forest of Bewal; " at the taking of the lines of Weissembourg, " and at the battle of Bertheim. I was intrust- " ed with a mission to General Pichegru. I " shall pass over the circumstances and persons

" that caused the failure of that important ne-
" gociation, in which I very nearly lost my life.
" Too well convinced of the obstacles which
" foreign policy opposed to the progress of our
" arms on the banks of the Rhine, I quitted the
" army of the Princes, and repaired to London ;
" where, two years after, I solicited the danger-
" ous honor of landing at Quiberon. You know
" the cruel results of an expedition in which
" perished the flower of the French nobility,
" and the precious remains of that navy, of
" which England could appreciate the loss bet-
" ter than ourselves.

" I escaped by miracle from the horrors of
" that day, to beg an asylum among the rocks of
" Switzerland ; where, during the space of
" twelve months, I participated the innumerable
" humiliations which my fellow-soldiers experi-
" enced in that inhospitable territory.

" Proscribed from all the countries in alliance
" with the republic, we dragged from land to
" land a miserable life, which we had no longer
" the hope of losing in the service of our king.

" Napoleon seized the sovereign power, and
" revoked the sentence of death which had been
" passed against the emigrants. I was in the
" small number of those who refused his inso-
" lent pardon, and disdained to rush into his
" anti-chamber, which he *opened*, as he said, *to*
" *our ambition.*

" I lived retired in Russia, till the dawn of
" the happy day which now illumines France.
" I persist in thinking, that I have fulfilled, in
" their full extent, the duties of a Frenchman

" and a gentleman; and that, if there be any " reward for loyalty, courage, and self devotion, " I am, above all others, entitled to pretend to " it."

It was now the turn of Charles, who spoke in a calmer tone.

" I must begin by confessing, that I am not " gifted, like my brother, with the spirit of " prophecy, and that I had not, like him, suffi- " cient sagacity to foresee improbable calami- " ties. Far from being alarmed at the idea of " the political changes which were preparing, " and which the king himself thought necessary, " they had my fervent wishes for their success- " ful accomplishment. My father was called to " the assembly of the States General, and I at- " tended him, full of enthusiasm and hope.

" I was soon and painfully undeceived: I " saw that all the passions of men (not even " excepting that of zeal for the public good) " were preparing a terrible struggle, of which " the infallible result would be, either anarchy " or despotism. I heard with terror the sound " of the word *equality*, recollecting, with Bacon, " that in the moral, as in the physical order of " things, *the most tremendous tempests break* " *forth at the time of the equinox.*

" After the transactions of the fifth and sixth " of October, in which I stood forward among " the most zealous defenders of the throne, my " father retired from the assembly, and my " brother more earnestly pressed me to join " him. I answered, that the king had more " need than ever of being surrounded with

" faithful subjects; that services abroad could,
" at best, be productive only of tardy success;
" that means more direct, and sacrifices more
" immediate, were necessary to save the prince
" and the state, inseparable in my affection.

" Faithful to the united influence of feeling
" and duty, I repaired to the post they assigned
" me on the days of the 20th of June and the
" 10th of August. I was taken by the Mar-
" seillois, conducted to the commune, and from
" thence transferred to La Force. On the dread-
" ful 2d of September I was already under the
" fatal wicket, when Maillard, one of the hang-
" men-judges who presided over the massacres,
" recollected, on hearing my name, that his
" father had been indebted to the patronage of
" mine for a domestic's place in a royal house:
" the assassin piqued himself on his gratitude,
" and I was set at liberty.

" The events which had happened at Paris
" during my detention, having put it out of my
" power to serve the king in any other way, I
" was sufficiently daring to take up the pen in
" his favor. I was denounced and pursued
" anew. I sought an asylum in our armies,
" which Dumourier was leading to victory. The
" news of the deplorable catastrophe of the 21st
" of January was there received with painful
" indignation. I loudly manifested mine. One
" of those ferocious beast, those odious procon-
" suls, who carried terror and death into the
" department du Quesnoy, gave orders for my
" arrest, and for my imprisonment at Amiens,
" with Generals Chancel and O'Moran. I pass-

" ed through Arras under a strong guard, at " the moment when one of my comrades, the " young and brave d'Aboville, mounted the " scaffold. '*I am here!*' he called to me: '*I* " *shall soon be there!*' I replied.—It could not " have been otherwise without a miracle. But " the miracle happened. I escaped from my " prison, and succeeded in reaching Lyons, " where M. de Precy intrusted to me the com- " mand of a small body of troops.

" The city was taken; and every one sought " safety in flight. I wandered several months " among the mountains: I traversed, under " twenty disguises, Dauphiny, Languedoc, and " Guienne. At Montpellier I learned that my " father had perished on the revolutionary scaf- " fold, convicted of the crime of having an em- " igrant son. His property was confiscated: " mine, which consisted in a great measure of " national annuities, of which I had consequent- " ly lost two thirds, and from which I had reg- " ularly sent supplies to my brother, was put " under sequestration. Not knowing where to " look for succour—destitute of the means of " existence—having only the alternative of em- " igration and La Vendee, I had determined " on the latter, when the death of Robespierre " suspended the progress of murder, and per- " mitted me again to approach Paris, where I " hoped to find some resources. I had the good " fortune, in passing through Orleans, to be " able to unite my voice to those of some in- " habitants of that city, who solicited the liber- " ation of *Madame Royale*.

" I re-entered the service; and being con-
" vinced that the glory of our arms was the only
" remaining solace of our irremediable calami-
" ties—the only veil the French could cast
" over crimes that were not their own (for I
" shall not cease to repeat, with Seneca, ' *Let*
" *not all be blamed for the crimes of a few**')—
" I have shared the toils of our brave soldiers—
" I have exulted in their victories; and the re-
" storation, by putting an end to the most in-
" tolerable despotism, by replacing the sceptre
" in the hands of the descendant of Henry IV.
" and by securing to the nation the benefit of a
" constitutional charter, which alike guarantees
" the safety of the state and the power of the
" king, could alone have consoled me for the
" sight of vanquished France, forced to re-
" nounce her conquests, and accept a peace
" which she ought to have commanded."

Having heard both parties, I proposed this question to each of them: " Instructed as you " now are, by experience, what line of conduct " would you adopt if similar circumstances " should unhappily recur?"—" I would not " emigrate," said Augustus. " I should do as " I have done," said Charles. " I conclude " then," I resumed, " that you have both acted " with equal honor; but, at the same time, I " am of opinion, that the most prudent line of " conduct is that which leaves no cause for re-" gret in the minds of those who have pursued

* Cur omnium sit culpa paucorum scelus?

"it." Augustus did not appeal against my decision: he tenderly embraced his brother, and both promised me to think no more of the past, but as a source of instruction for the future.

No. XXIII.—*November* 26, 1814.

THE TWO COUSINS:

OR,

WHICH HAS BEEN MOST GUILTY?

" Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, et ira
" Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra."—*Hor.*

Revenge, sedition, lust and fraud,
Both lurk within and prowl abroad.

THERE are some fish that delight only in muddy water, and some men who can only live in trouble and confusion. Such persons issue from a revolution like Neptune from a stormy sea at the Opera; the united fury of the winds and waves not having even discomposed a single curl in his periwig. True revolutionary Proteusses, I have seen them pass by turns from the cabinet to the club, from the tribune to the anti-chamber. I have seen them assume, according to the times, the frock or the full dress,

the red cap or the blue riband. Reformers in the assembly of the Notables, constitutionals in the States General, republicans in the Convention, speculators under the Directory, abject slaves under Bonaparte—they now make the echoes ring with the purity of their royalism. I know others less supple, less ductile in appearance, who have speculated on their sacrifices, with so much the more confidence, from having had, in reality, nothing to lose. Having escaped by emigration, from the pursuit of their creditors, they found on the other side of the Rhine, the titles they had dreamed of in France; they lamented the loss of property they had never possessed, and proudly associated their imaginary calamities with the most real and most illustrious misfortunes. After having claimed a right of recovery on the fragments of this mighty wreck—after having begged the means of subsistence from foreigners, or levied contributions on the compassion of their countrymen—after having made their submission, and their borrowed names, articles of traffic with the last government, which was dupe enough to set a value on such trifles—they now talk of nothing but their sacrifices to the royal cause, and impudently placing themselves among the number of those noble and faithful adherents of the King, whose dangers and honorable adversity they never participated, they stand forward for all employments, solicit all favors, claim all rewards, and loudly proclaim against the bread given to so many brave men, who have been an honor to their

country. Murmurs alone, and cries of vengeance, issue from the mouths of those men, who are themselves so much in need of pardon. Is it not time to put them to silence, and to show that there has been among some of them an emulation of error, folly and meanness, which leaves undetermined the question that forms the title of this article: *Which has been most guilty?*

I dined a few days since with my friend Clenord, one of the guests of my little weekly suppers. He entertains for men in general a degree of contempt, which is only explained to me by the frequent occasions the great employments he has held have given him, of examining them closely, and observing them in detail. He related to us, during dinner, with that bitter laughter which usually accompanies his reflections, an occurrence not very likely to effect a change in his opinion. I shall let him speak for himself.

"The death of a man of a very superior mind, "unblemished integrity, and uncommon firm- "ness of character, has left vacant an impor- "tant place in that branch of administration "over which I preside. It will not be easy to "supply his loss. Among the crowd of candi- "dates by which I am besieged on this occa- "sion, and amongst whom I find it so much the "more difficult to make an election, from "having determined not to take pretensions for "rights, and assertions for proofs, I have dis- "tinguished, as offensive objects are usually "distinguished, two cousins towards whom I

" should yet have felt only that instinctive re-
" pugnance which I sometimes obey, if each of
" them, actuated by the same feeling and the
" same interest, had not hastened to give me
" some information respecting the other, which
" will be the more profitable to me from not
" being so to them. I have now about me the
" notes which they addressed to me, both on
" the same day, and nearly at the same hour.
" As it is their intention to make them public,
" I shall commit no indiscretion in reading them
" to you.

' *Important Communications addressed to the Count de C——.*

' The family relationship which unhappily
' subsists between me and M. Francis N——,
' has enabled me to obtain the knowledge of
' some facts respecting him, which I think it
' my duty to communicate to the upright ma-
' gistrate on whose piety he seeks to impose.

' N——succeeded his father in the office of
' door-keeper at the Chatelet, which he was
' obliged to sell on account of misconduct.

' In 1788 he contrived, I know not how, to
' get himself nominated to the assembly of the
' Notables, having purchased the office of mayor
' in a remote part of the country, though he
' never paid more than the register's fee.

' M. de Brienne, who was understood to pur-
' chase votes in that assembly, did not conde-
' scend to bargain for his; he therefore sided
' against the court.

'His declamations and pamphlets in favor of 'the Tiers not having accomplished his object 'of becoming a member of the Constituent As- 'sembly, he became a broker of intrigue—an 'agent of sedition; his house was the rendez- 'vous of popular commotion; he obtained a 'considerable allowance to keep open house in 'his *faubourg;* and received the honorable 'denomination of the Amphitryon of the rab- 'ble.

'He was president of the first club; and the 'country is indebted to him for the ingenious 'institution of the Knitters, at the head of 'which he placed the celebrated *Theroigne de 'Mericourt.*

'In 1793 he procured a passport of removal 'beyond the law, to visit the emigrants of *Co- 'blentz*, whom the Committee of Public Safety 'had assigned to his special superintendence.

'Denounced as an accomplice of *Bazire* and 'Chabot, he saved himself by accepting from 'Robespierre a secret mission, the object of 'which I was never able to ascertain.

'On the 9th of Thermidor he escaped from 'imminent peril by delivering up to Courtois 'the papers of his infamous patron.

'On the 13th of Vendemiare he was charged 'with the organization of that terrible phalanx 'composed of the destroyers of Lyons, the in- 'cendiaries of La Vendee, the robbers of Mar- 'seilles, and the drowners of Nantes.

'Under the Directory he opened an office in 'which all the bargains were managed, all the 'grants awarded, and all the depredations

'organized, which signalized that disgraceful 'epoch.

'A commissioner was appointed to examine 'his accounts, and he was on the point of hold- 'ing his office in a galley, when the 18th Fructi- 'dor set him afloat again, and he obtained an 'important appointment.

'I was arrested about this time, in coming 'out of a house, the mistress of which was sup- 'posed to have connexions of more than one 'kind with N——: he sold me my liberty for 'two thousand Louis-d'ors, and at the same 'time signed another order for my re-imprison- 'ment in twenty-four hours; but I did not wait 'so long to put myself out of his reach.

'It was the destiny of this man always to 'find safety in the storms of a revolution. That 'of the 18th Brumaire came in the very crisis 'of time to stop the effect of a decree of the 'Directory for bringing him to trial.

'Our republican of 1793, having become, 'under the imperial government, the most ac- 'tive agent of tyranny, carried off the prize of 'base and abject adulation, which, considering 'the competition, was certainly not an easy 'matter.

'Gifted with an extraordinary talent for di- 'gesting the ideas of others, he proved in 1812, 'in a pamphlet not destitute of a certain kind 'of eloquence, that the campaign of Russia 'was, next to the war of Spain, the most splen- 'did conception of the human mind. In Febru- 'ary 1814 he demonstrated equally well, that 'the invasion of France was the most fortunate

'of possible events, and that this land of fire 'could not fail to consume the enemies who 'had dared to cover her soil.

'The events of the 31st of March, of which 'he was the first informed in the department to 'which he had been sent on a mission from the 'Emperor, operated a sudden revolution in his 'principles and ideas. He was no sooner ac- 'quainted with the fall of Napoleon, than he 'hoisted the white cockade at the three corners 'of his hat, and covered the imperial placards 'he had issued the preceding evening, with 'printed protestations of his inviolable devo- 'tion to the august family of the Bourbons.

'From that day, he has constantly besieged 'all the cabinets—all the anti-chambers; and 'I am credibly assured that he even attends 'mass.'

The whole company exclaimed against the detestable chameleon whose history they had just heard; and one of the party called him the last of men. "The last of men is easily said," replied the Count, taking another paper from his pocket: "I am of the opinion of Chamfort "—that no one ought to be discouraged: let us "now listen to the accused party, and see what "he has to say on the subject of his biographer. "This is his letter to me.

'*To the Count de Clenord, &c.*

'My Lord Count, you appeared to be ignor- 'ant of the motive of the surprise I testified 'yesterday, on seeing my cousin with you. It

'is painful to me to reveal it; but there are 'some duties too imperious to admit of hesi- 'tation, and some men whom it is necessary to 'expose: Robert N——is of this number.

'Being the son of a secretary of the King, he 'had purchased some petty office in the house 'of a Prince: less would have sufficed to con- 'stitute him a gentleman in his own opinion: 'accordingly he lost no time in emigrating, 'leaving behind him, as a security to his credi- 'tors for sixty or eighty thousand francs, his 'wife, and four young children.

'He possesses exactly that species of talent 'which is requisite to make a sensation in a 'coffee room: he distinguished himself in those 'of Coblentz by his jargon, and his chivalrous 'rhodomontades.

'By the affectation of excessive zeal he ob- 'tained the honor of approaching M. de Broglie. 'When the army was organized, he converted 'his credit into an article of traffic, though it 'did not extend beyond the registry of suits, 'and the drawing up of statements: he sold the 'hope of appointments, and was dismissed for 'proceedings to which it is not for me to affix 'an appellation.

'His conduct in the army of Conde, where 'he served some months under the staff, did 'not give the most favorable idea of his courage. 'The only brilliant action related of him is 'that sublime impulse which led him to leap on 'the stage at Tournai, to join the defenders of 'Richard Cœur de Lion, who were marching

'against the tower of painted canvass in which 'that great king was confined.

'It is probable that Robert voluntarily fell 'into the hands of the republican army: it is at 'least certain, that, after a conference with the 'general, the result of which should have trans- 'ferred him to a court-martial, where he would 'have been sentenced to death as an emigrant 'taken with arms in his hands, he procured 'passports to repair to Paris: there is no doubt 'that he obtained this favor by discoveries of 'the greatest importance. It was found ne- 'cessary, however, to confine him in a state- 'prison: he was indebted to me for his liberty. 'Returning to Germany, he gained a disgrace- 'ful livelihood by swindling the unfortunate 'companions of his exile.

'Robert was acquainted with the intentions 'of Pichegru on the 18th of Fructidor, and 'from Hamburgh, where he then was, he sent 'to the Directory all the intelligence he could 'procure on the subject. He obtained at this 'price permission to re-enter France, where he 'hired himself to one of the three Directors, 'and published some anonymous pamphlets in 'his favor.

'Intrusted by the French government with 'a secret mission, he passed over to England, 'communicated his instructions to the English 'Ministers, and lived brilliantly at London 'during two years on the profits of this double 'treachery.

'He re-appeared in France when he thought 'the power of Bonaparte solidly established,

'and published some memoirs, in which he un-
'blushingly exposed his own shame in the face
'of Europe; while he continued to amuse the
'most zealous royalist with the idea, that he
'sacrificed even his honor to the cause of his
'legitimate prince.

'The fatal issue of the Russian campaign,
'which he had sagacity enough to foresee, dic-
'tated to him the measures most advisable to
'to be pursued. Provided with all the docu-
'ments it had been in his power to procure, he
'passed into Portugal under another name,
'returned to France in the train of the En-
'glish army, and made noise enough to in-
'duce the belief that he had conducted and
'prepared the insurrection of Bourdeaux.

'Such is the man who now dares talk of his
'claims on the benevolence of the king, and
'on the confidence of his ministers.'

When the Count had ceased reading, the question, *which of the two had been most guilty*, was a long while agitated; it was at length decided that each had done as much harm as possible in his respective situation, and that they had an equal right to the public contempt.

M. de Clenord founded on this decision a remark, that patriotism and loyalty are the requisite qualities of a man in office; but that it is necessary to beware of seeking proofs of them in treachery, even if it should have been the means of preparing the triumph of the good cause.

No. XXIV.—*December 5, 1814.*

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

When all things are advancing towards a common end, it is best to go quietly with the stream of the times, which will, at all events, carry us with it.

Chateaubriand, Reflex. Polit.

How great, how noble is the purpose of the writer whose eloquent and conciliating voice calms the passions, reconciles the minds, and unites the hearts of all in the common sentiment of the public good! Such is the object of M. de Chateaubriand in the work which I have quoted at the head of this article; and the eulogium of which, in the mouth of all the French, is at once the reward of talent, and the debt of gratitude. After having paid mine in a few words, I proceed to my text.

Twenty-five years ago! This phrase terminates all my discussions with the Baron d'Apreville, of whom I have previously spoken. He is resolute in reckoning for nothing the quarter of a century which has elapsed since he was in

Paris. It is impossible to make him understand that this lapse of time, and the political events which have occurred in it, must have produced in the laws, the manners, the habits, even in the ideas of the people, changes to which it is absolutely necessary to conform under fear of suffering and causing a great deal of trouble and inconvenience, and, what is still worse, of being ridiculous. When he speaks of the circumstances and occurrences of 1788, he always appears to be speaking of yesterday: *I said the other day*, means in his mouth, *I said twenty-five years ago;* and the greatest reproach he throws on the revolution (when he can for a moment be brought to admit that there has been a revolution) is that of having altered the etiquette, which he calls the palladium of the monarchy. The Baron has always in his pocket the Ceremonial of France, and considers it an infinite disgrace to the nation that the author of such a work should have fallen into neglect.

To his enthusiasm for etiquette must be attributed his admiration of Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII. who has no other claim to celebrity but that of having been the most profound ceremonialist of his age; a species of superiority to which the son of Henry the Great could scarcely have been expected to aspire, and which d'Aperon estimated at its true value, when, on the Prince giving him his hand to descend from a platform erected for a fete, he said, "I believe Monsigneur, this is the

"first occasion on which you have assisted "one of your friends to descend from the scaf- "fold."

The Baron's prejudices are not of that kind which reasoning can eradicate: all that he says and does, he has done and said so long, that it is easy to see the whole system of his being depends as much on that uniformity of motion as the action of a clock on the regular oscillation of its pendulum. I should have been glad if I could but have convinced him that etiquette, of which at the same time I felt all the importance, had a certain real progress which it was essential to follow, and that the work of the two Godefroys, of which he had in his library so beautiful a copy enriched with marginal notes in his own hand, was no longer of any very great utility in the new order of things which time and circumstances had introduced at court.

I had no sooner pronounced the words, *new order of things*, than the Baron grew angry—asking me if I was one of those who talked of constitutional charters, and chambers of deputies, and budgets, and all such fooleries, the inventors of which ought to be banished from the kingdom, and all their partisans to be sent after them. "These absurdities," said he, "have been long talked of; thank Heaven I "have heard nothing of them: when the French "began to grow mad, I very deliberately lock- "ed my doors: *when the plague is abroad the "wise man shuts himself up.*" (This is my cousin's favorite sentence.) "The crisis has

" been long, but it is at length passed: the king " has reascended his throne, the ancient mon- " archy has recovered its lilies, all returns into " order, every man, every thing has its assign- " ed and proper place, and I know which is " mine."

All that the Baron has done since his return to the capital is conformable to his system of taking no account of times, things and persons, since the year 1788, which he is determined to approximate, without any intermedium, to the point of life at which he has now arrived.

His journey to Paris had a three-fold object, of ambition, of interest, and of love.

He wanted to obtain the Cross of Saint Louis —this was the object of his first proceeding.— D'Apreville had heard that a certain Lieuten- ant-general Valdeck enjoyed great favor at court; he recollected that the Major of his regi- ment had the same name: it is probably the same person; it is both his duty and his interest to visit him.

He arrives at the hotel, and is announced to the general under the name of Captain D'Apre- ville. The General appears. The Baron, who thinks he recognises him, is surprised to find him younger than he left him; nevertheless he begins to talk of the regiment in which they served together, and of their ancient friendship. " These proofs of it," replied the General, " are the more interesting to me, from their " being addressed to the memory of my father."

The Baron blushed at his mistake, and made some lame excuses respecting the rank and the

high dignities which M. de Valdeck had attained at his age. " I am still young it is true," replied the General, " but I am old in cam- " paigns and in wounds, and I have obtained " all my promotion, all my decorations, on the " field of battle."—" You have defended the " cause of Napoleon?"—" I have defended " that of France, and in this light the king re- " garded my services when he honored me with " the Cross of Saint Louis."—" The Cross of " Saint Louis has been due to me fifteen years, " and for eight months I have solicited it in " vain: it is true, I never served the tyrant."— " Keep your temper, my Lord Baron; justice " shall be done you: I owe it to my father's " friendship for you to contribute to it to the " extent of my power: state to me briefly the " grounds of your demand: you have emigrated, " of course?"—" I have not quitted France." —" I understand: you joined the army of La " Vendee?"—" I should have done so but " for the insolent proposition that was made to " me of serving under the orders of a Stofflet, a " park-keeper."—" What then did you do " during the revolution?"—" *What does a wise* " *man do when the plague is abroad? He shuts* " *himself up.* I shut myself up. Now the air " is pure, the sky serene, and here I am."— " I congratulate you, but I do not see in all this " a very peremptory claim to the favor you " solicit; yet I do not despair of obtaining it for " you,—you will pass in the crowd."

This affair being arranged, the Baron proceeded to the business of his law-suit, and re-

paired to the house of his counsel, whose address he had not forgotten. He entered the *rue de Taranne*, recognised the hotel, and inquired for M. de Coulange, formerly Counsellor to the Parliament of Metz, and now Advocate General. The porter assured him there was no person of that name in the house. "It is very "strange: this is certainly his hotel."—"No, "Sir; this is the house of Justice of the Peace of "the *arrondissement*."—"A Justice of Peace! "an *arrondissement!* how this poor city is "changed! There is no knowing where one is "in it."—The Baron was walking away as he muttered these words, when he met Madame de Touris, a very litigious old lady of his acquaintance, whom he had known in the country, and who was repairing to the office of the Justice of Peace to begin, by a refusal of arrangement, one of the forty actions she was carrying on at Paris, and to hear the summary of the case read over. D'Apreville promised to recommend her to one of his old friends, counsellor of the *Grand' Chambre*, whose address he was now seeking.—"My dear friend, the *Grand Cham-* "*bre* is very much to the purpose, when my "cause is coming on in the *Cour Royale*."—"The devil it is! why, surely that affair ought "to have gone to the Parliament!"—"Un- "doubtedly, *twenty-five years ago*, but now——" "Pardon me: I can never accustom myself to "all these new names under which our ancient "institutions are disguised. Be that as it may, "the Advocate General is my particular friend, "and I will speak to him in your behalf if I can

" discover where he resides." Mad. de Touris was not likely to be in ignorance of the abode of any illustrious limb of the law; she took the Baron into her crazy old carriage, which was so stuffed with papers and parchments that it seemed an itinerant lawyer's office, and set him down at the door of M. de Coulange.

D'Apreville was shown into the inner office: the magistrate, standing with his back to the door, writing against a high desk at the opposite side of the room, was surprised to find himself, as he turned around, suddenly caught in the arms of a man whom he did not know, and who continued without relaxing his hold, to talk of Metz, and of the Presidial Court, and of the *Place Coislin*, where they had so often dined together. M. de Coulange was compelled to undergo this inundation of tenderness, before he could interpose a word to tell the Baron that he was mistaken. " How, Sir! " are you not M. de Coulange, Counsellor to " the Parliament of Metz?"—" That was my " father."—" Indeed! it is but twenty-five " years."—" And my age is not thirty."—" And " your father?"—" He quitted the robe to em- " brace the profession of arms, and I had the " misfortune to lose him at the battle of Lut- " zen."—" It is incredible!" said the Baron to himself: " The Counsellors to the Parlia- " ment die in the field of battle; their children " are magistrates: I shall never extricate my- " self from all this confusion."

After a short explanation the Baron began to talk of his law-suit: it was brought in the name

of a minor on account of guardianship, to recover some property alienated by illegal sale. The out-line of the matter was stated in a very luminous style; but when the Advocate General came to enquire into the details, he could not help laughing at being told that the cause was pending before the Parliament of Paris ten years previous to the Revolution; that the minor, in whose name the action was brought, was the Baron himself; that the property in dispute had been sold as emigrants' property in 1793, and that the present proprietor had acquired it from the eighth hand. M. de Coulange, after having vainly attempted to prove to him that time and the Revolution had decided his cause, and that their sentence could not be recalled, was obliged to tell him that his action would not be admitted in any of the Courts. The Baron rushed out in a rage, declared that he would appeal to the *Council* on the ground of denial of justice.

I have said that one of the three objects of his journey to Paris was love. In his last visit to the great city, his heart had been touched with a very tender sentiment for a young person, who was beginning to return it when circumstances occasioned their separation. During the twenty-five years which the Baron does not reckon—during the time of the plague in which he shut himself up, this young person married, had children, and became a widow. This last event, of which she herself had apprized him, awakened in his heart the recollections of love and the ideas of marriage. After

having very correctly given the first days to business and visits of form, he flew to the house of the amiable widow, who is still an inhabitant of the *rue Royale:* he turned aside his head as he passed opposite to the *Place Vendome*, where rises that villanous column of Austerlitz, of which he hoped the allies would have disencumbered us: he sighed as he turned his eyes on the ground of the Capucines, whence so many pieces of crazy antiquity have been cleared away, and felt his heart palpitate once more as he knocked at the door of a house where every thing appeared unchanged.

The Baron, without answering the porter's question of where he was going, ascended the great staircase in a breath: he entered, traversed several rooms, and at length found himself face to face with a lady seated at a frame on which she was embroidering. He stopped before her without saying a word, and looked at her with an expression of such comical tenderness, that the lady found the first impulse of surprise gradually give way to an irresistible inclination to laugh, which she did very heartily, asking him at the same time who he was, and what he wanted. "Who I am? Caroline! "have you forgotten Alfred?"—"Alfred!"—"You are not changed; but I must be very "much so, since you do not recollect the Baron "D'Apreville."—"Sir," said she, rising, "I "do not recollect you, but I have the honor to "know you, having often heard my mother "speak of you."—"Madame de Sesanne! The

" devil! Nothing but orphans in Paris! I can " find neither fathers nor mothers."

Madame de Sesanne entered. The Baron was unable to conceal his surprise.—" It is " you!" said he. " Yes, my dear Baron, it is I " —it is you: we are what time has made us; " we must make up our minds to be so."— " You will forgive me, I hope, for having mis- " taken your daughter for you; it is incredible " how much she resembles you."—" Rather " say, how much I resembled her *twenty-five* " *years ago.*"

In the conversation, D'Apreville candidly acknowledged that he had done nothing but play the fool since his arrival at Paris.—" Will " you allow me," said she, " to tell you why? " —It is because you will not act according to " that precept which never had a more neces- " sary application: *Rub off the score of life in* " *proportion as the sands run down.*—You " have slept during a long storm which has " driven you over a great portion of the ocean " of existence: you awake, and expect to find " yourself in the same place—or at least you " think it possible to return to it. There is " your mistake. France is full of people who " indulge in the same calculation, or the same " dream; they will be undeceived sooner or " later, and their flatterers, if they can afford " to have any, will tell them by way of conso- " lation, that, if they cannot be above their age, " it is more honorable to remain alone below it, " than to place themselves on a level with the " multitude."

P. S. If any of my readers be interested in the fate of cousin D'Apreville, they will be pleased to learn that the prudent Madame de Sesanne intends, by giving him her hand, to keep the promise she made him *twenty-five years ago*.

No. XXV.—*December* 10, 1814.

THE HOSPITAL OF THE ENFANS-TROUVES.*

". . . . . Cui non risere parentes."—*Virg.*

They never knew a parent's smile.

"—Stat fortuna improba noctu,
" Arridens nudis infantibus; hos fovet ulnis
" Involvitque sinu."—*Juv. Sat.* 6.

Fortune stands tittering by, in playful mood,
And smiles complacent on the infant brood;
Takes them, all naked, to her fost'ring arms,
Feeds from her mouth, and in her bosom warms.

Gifford.

The events of this world are held together by links, sometimes so imperceptible, that it is scarcely possible to attach too much importance to the most minute details of life. It was, or at least seemed to be, very indifferent whether I dined at one house or another on Saturday last; yet the choice I made was the first cause of an

* Foundlings.

event which has changed the existence of two individuals, one of whom, having entered life under the most cruel auspices, is now destined to pass through it with all the advantages that can render it desirable, in the midst of the tender affections by which it is endeared.

I dined last week with Duterrier at Madame Dubelloy's (an old friend of my wife's,) whose husband found a glorious death, at the head of the regiment of cavalry he commanded, in the Prussian campaign. This lady complained bitterly of the cruelty of fate, which had denied her the happiness of being a mother. My friend Duterrier, to whom paradoxes cost nothing, and who sustains them with as much logic as sensibility, undertook to prove to Madame Dubelloy, near whom he was placed at table, that maternal love is a factitious sentiment, in which instinct has little share, and of which all the charm, and all the strength, arises from habit. "The "proof," continued he, "that too much im- "portance is attached to nature on this point, "as on many others, may be found in this un- "questionable fact, that a mother whose child "has been changed at nurse, receives no warn- "ing from her heart of the mistake into which "she falls; she feels for the little stranger all "the tenderness she could have felt for her own "child: and should the error be eventually dis- "covered, the true son would find it difficult to "enter into the inheritance of love of which his "mother had unintentionally deprived him.

"The cares bestowed on the first period of "childhood—the first caresses the infant re-

" turns—the delightful habit of seeing a little " human creature grow up, and develope itself, " under your fostering care—such are the prin- " cipal, not to say the only, sources of maternal " love.

" A woman may be a mother whenever she " pleases: there exists in Paris, to the eternal " honor of its divine founder, an asylum where " society receives into her bosom the orphans " whom nature abandons. There the meanest " and the most illustrious blood are often con- " founded in the same *creche*:* the fruits of " misconduct, of error, of seduction, are ad- " mitted to the participation of the same cares: " and mystery spreads over the cradle of these " infants, a veil which imagination may adorn, " at its pleasure, with all the facinations of " rank.

" Why do not so many women, who con- " sume themselves, like you, in ineffectually " regretting a happiness which nature persists " in denying them, have recourse to that mater- " nity of adoption of which the hospital of the " Enfans-Trouves is the inexhaustible source? " There, Madam, your choice will be secure " from the influence of chance; the charms of " figure, the magic of a first smile, the indica- " tions of health and strength, the sex, of which " you will not have to remain nine months in " doubt, would be so many motives to deter- " mine your preference: it is not only the child

* Crib or cradle.

" of your love, but the child of your wish, that " you may obtain."

The abrupt peroration of my friend Duterrier excited some laughter in the company; and as I feared that two young men, of the number of those who finish their education in the box-lobby, and who were dining with us, might seize on a generous idea for the purpose of extinguishing it under quibbles and puns, I endeavored to bring back the conversation to that point of interest which banishes frivolity. Some ladies exclaimed against the barbarous custom of forsaking children. " It is very ancient," said Duterrier: " the elders of the tribe at " Sparta authorized parents to expose such of " their children as were deformed; and the " slightest family interest, among the Athe- " nians, brought about the same result.

" At Rome there was a *Lactarian* column, at " the foot of which were exposed such children " as their parents would not, or could not, main- " tain; the compassion of the passengers pre- " served some of them from death."

" It is not very honorable to European civili- " zation," continued I, taking up the discourse, " to recollect that it is not above a century and " a half since the opening of the first asylum in " which public charity received forsaken chil- " dren at Paris. A man whom philosophers " have placed in the first rank of sages, and " whom the church has numbered among her " saints, the son of a poor Gascon laborer; by " turns a slave at Tunis, and preceptor of the " Cardinal de Retz; now a village-curate, now

" a chaplain of the galleys, Vincent de Paul ac-
" complished, by the sole power of religion and
" virtue, a work of charity, which the govern-
" ment had more than once attempted in vain.
" But the memory of mankind, which has con-
" secrated *his* name, too often fails to associate
" with it that of Mademoiselle Le Gras, the
" daughter of a noble family, which still exists
" among us,* and whose whole fortune was de-
" voted to the success of this sublime enter-
" prise. Vincent de Paul collected in the
" church of St. Lazurus a great number of
" forsaken children, and, in presence of the
" ladies who had undertaken the care of them,
" pronounced a discourse which terminated
" with this eloquent peroration :

' Ladies—Charity and compassion have in-
' duced you to adopt these little creatures for
' your children : you have been their mothers
' by grace, since their mothers by nature have
' forsaken them. It is now to be seen if you
' too will cease to be their mothers and become
' their judges : their life and death are in your
' hands ; I am about to collect your suffrages ;
' it is time to pronounce their sentence, and to
' know if your mercy for them be exhausted.
' They will live if you continue to take a char-
' itable care of them : they will all die if you
' forsake them.' "

The discourse of the Christian orator pro-duced a greater effect than the reasonings of

* The Baron Le Gras, aide-de-camp to the Prince of Conde, and M. Le Gras de Bereaguy, formerly Prefect of Magdeburg.

Duterrier; and it had the happy result of exciting, in some of the guests, and particularly in Madame Dubelloy, the desire of accompanying me in the visit I proposed to make on the following day to the Enfans-Trouves, of which it remains for me to give an account.

Much is said of the evils which have been inflicted on France during the last twenty years, and little of the good which has been done in them. No where is this good felt so forcibly as in the hospitals, where it was most necessary; or remarked with more interest, than in the establishment of the Enfans-Trouves, under the direction of M. Pelicot, one of the governors of the hospital, and M. Hucherard, agent of superintendence.

I often bring before the tribunal of public opinion and contempt, all that appears to me reprehensible in our habits and manners; but I have much greater pleasure in pointing out to national gratitude and admiration, the men and things which appear to deserve them. In the present instance I find the opportunity, and willingly embrace it.

This hospital, established some years in the *rue de la Bourbe*, was transferred, on the 4th of October last, to the *rue d'Enfer*, to a house appropriated previously to 1789 to the education of young choristers. It might be thought that a presentiment of its future destination had been entertained, when more than a century ago the following inscriptions were placed on the facade of the chapel:

"Sanctissimæ Trinitati et infantiæ Jesu sacrum."
Sacred to the most Holy Trinity, and the infancy of Jesus.

And lower down:

"Invenietis infantem pannis involutum."
Ye shall find a child wrapped in swaddling clothes.

The chapel, by which we began our visit, is built in a style of noble simplicity. There is a beautiful statue of St. Vincent de Paul, by Stouf. It is a happy and touching idea, to have placed the baptismal fonts under the eyes of the Saint, who seems to smile on the children as they are there presented.

Quitting the chapel, we traversed some vast magazines, appropriated to the preparation and distribution of the clothes and linen furnished to the nurses for the use of the children, and were struck with admirable order which reigns in a place where, according to the exigencies of the moment, every thing must necessarily be moved and displaced continually.

The first stage is occupied by the *creche* and the infirmaries. This ward of the *creche* presents a spectacle equally interesting to the heart and to the sight. Its principal ornament consists in one hundred and fifty iron cradles, disposed in two parallel lines, and furnished with linen of dazzling whiteness. One circumstance which I must not omit to mention is, that the iron employed in making these cradles is that of the old house of *Port-Royal*, which was converted into a prison in 1793, under the cruelly derisive name of *Port-Libre*.

Madame Dubelloy, looking at a very old and very bad picture over the fire-place of the *creche*, expressed her surprise that none of our great painters had yet consecrated their talents to the decoration of this pious asylum. How many sublime subjects are offered to the genius of the painter in the life of the venerable founder of this house? *St. Vincent de Paul, in the Market of Landry*, weeping over the fate of those forsaken children, of whom shame and wretchedness there made a detestable traffic.

The Assembly of the Ladies at St. Lazarus, in which he laid the foundations of his great and holy undertaking.

The Institution of the Sisters of Charity; an inestimable benefit, of which the revolution deprived the hospital, and which has been very recently restored to it. With what interest would the visitor contemplate, in the midst of this composition, the figure of that sister Giroud, whose portrait is seen at one of the extremities of the *creche*, and who, during the forty years which she passed in the hospital, received into her hands two hundred and twenty-one thousand forsaken children!

Nor would the painter fail to give a conspicuous place to the respectable sister Bignan, the present superior of these devoted females, whose angelic virtues will never find a recompense on earth.

"I know not," continued she, "if my heart "misleads me; but it seems to me that the visit "which MADAME *Royale* paid to this house "last month, would furnish to the celebrated

" painters who now honor the French school,
" the subject of a picture, in which all that im-
" agination can conceive, most noble, most
" touching, most picturesque, would naturally
" find its place."

I could wish that the space and time by which I am circumscribed would permit me to enter into the details of the administration of an establishment in the examination of which public manners and morals are so particularly interested: but I must limit myself to a brief statement of the principal results.

The number of children annually received at the Hospital of the *Enfans-Trouves* at Paris is from five to six thousand.

Above the age of two years, the forsaken children are sent to the Orphan Asylum of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The number of children received from the foundation of the establishment in 1640 to the the 22d November 1814, that is to say, in the space of 174 years, amounts to 498,000.

It is curious to observe the annual progression. The number of children received in 1640 was 372; in 1665, 486; in 1690, 1504: in 1715, 1840; in 1740, 3150; in 1765, 5496: in 1790, 5842.

It is remarkable that in 1793, and during the three years of the revolutionary storm, the number of forsaken children sensibly diminished, and was never more than between three and four thousand.

An idea of the advantages resulting from vaccination, and of the zeal and care of the

present directors, may be formed from the fact, that in 1804, of 50,000 children sent to nurse in the country during ten preceding years, only 3000 were in existence; while, at the present day, out of the same number sent to nurse in the same space of time, 14,000 are living.

Of 4326 children received in the hospital during the ten first months of the years 1814, 825 died there. That this proportion of 1 to 5 may not appear to exceed the ordinary course of nature, it is necessary to consider that the greater number of these children are the offspring of mothers exhausted with fatigues, with misery, and often with disease.

I should require several pages for the narration I have yet to make: I am necessitated to compress it in a few lines. Madame Dubelloy, whom the sophisms of Duterrier had not seduced, had experienced more pity than tenderness at the sight of the innocent creatures whose asylum we were about to quit. Chance determined that the coachman should have left his horses: and while the footman was gone to seek him at a neighboring public-house, we awaited his return in the parlour. During this short space, the bell which announces the depositing of children was rung three times. The last was received in the hands of Madame Dubelloy herself. It was a little girl, who appeared between two and three years of age: a paper was suspended from her neck, on which was written the name of *Henriette*, followed by three initials. As she stooped forward to give it to the sister who came down to receive it,

Madame Dubelloy slipped, and fell with the child, which was slightly wounded in its fall. This accident she regarded as a warning from Heaven, reproaching her with abandoning the infant: she took it in her arms, and covered it with caresses, to which the little creature replied by a smile mingled with tears, and the compact of adoption was immediately concluded with all the customary formalities.

No. XXVI.—*December* 17, 1814.

MEMOIRS OF A LACQUEY.

" Age, libertate Decembri
" (Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra."
Hor. s. 11. 7. 4.

Since our forefathers will'd it thus,
Enjoy thy privilege: discuss.
Discuss the same in French unto me.
Ancient Pistol.

WHY should not a lacquey write his history? A man who, from the nature of his condition, passes his whole life in anti-chambers, however little gifted with the faculty of observation, may at least boast that he knows the world, and has lived in good company. Has he not, above all other historians, the advantage of having seen his heroes and heroines in deshabille? Will an objection be raised on the score of his education, and, consequently, on that of his style? I shall reply, that the great number of works bearing all the characteristics of the pen of a lacquey, with which we are daily inundated, will at least give him the advantage of being lost in the crowd.

The memoirs written during the last hundred years would form an immense library. The two classical works of this modern species, the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, and those of the Chevalier de Grammont, are anterior to this epoch. All subsequent publications of this nature are but a mass of romantic absurdity, and nothing more can be expected to be derived from their perusal than a few doubtful anecdotes and a few equivocal facts.

The French refugees during the last century inundated Europe with secret memoirs, in which absurdity and insipidity contend for pre-eminence. The events of the court of France are there related by persons who never penetrated further than into the guard-room of the palace. The most intimate conversations of Louis XIV. and Madame Maintenon are reported word for word by witnesses who could only have heard them in passing near their carriages at the distance of their guards.

After the memoirs assumedly historical come those professedly romantic. We have seen the *Memoirs af a Man of Quality*, by the Abbe Prevost; the *Memoirs or Confessions of the Count de * * * **, by Duclos; the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle A.* by M. B.; and the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle A.* by M. D. &c. &c. Thus an unnatural confusion associates distinct species of composition, and, by a strange alliance of incompatible terms, the title of *historical novels* has been given to many works which are neitheir histories nor novels: but, not to carry further a literary discussion, which would lead

me away from my subject, I return to the Memoirs of a Lacquey whom I knew thirty years ago, in the service of a very great man, and whom chance led me to recognise a few days since in the situation of a check-taker to one of the minor theatres.

Julian had the misfortune to learn to read in a copy of *Gil Blas*, of the schoolmaster of Clignancourt, who passed, like Doctor Godinez at Oviedo, for the greatest pedant in the place. The pupil's disposition to learn was not much greater than the master's capacity to teach; nevertheless he learned enough to despise the humble occupation of a vine-dresser, which his father exercised, and wished his son to follow. A few Latin words which he had retained from singing in the choir on Sundays, and from assisting at mass, raised him so high in his own esteem, that he lost no time in quitting the rustic frock for the livery. The learning which had made him a bad son would necessarily make him also a bad servant: for education, good or ill, exerts its influence through every stage of life.

Julian, in the course of an interested visit to me, the object of which I shall pass over, thought proper to intrust me with the manuscript of his memoirs, permitting me to make a few extracts according to my own judgment, for the purpose of *feeling the pulse of public opinion.* The corrections I have made extend only to his style, of which the natual character often descends to meanness, and the freedom degenerates to effrontery: with these exceptions I shall leave

my Figaro of Clingnancourt to speak for myself.

" (1787.) The Canon into whose service I " entered shortly after quitting that of the Duke " de L——, was a man about 45 years of age, " and about five feet in dimension, whichever " way he was measured: his figure might be " not unaptly represented by one ball in equili- " brium on another, with a little pair of round " black eyes peeping through a deep recess " formed in the upper rotundity by a large pair " of bushy eye-brows above, and a couple of " fleshy protuberances below. My new master " was tolerably good-tempered, though subject " now and then to a fit of ill-humour, of which it " was not always easy to prevent the cause, or " to forsee the effect. This ill-humour never " amounted to anger, excepting when we served " his spinage with cream, and he wanted it " with gravy; or when he was obliged to dine " rather earlier or later than usual, on account " of divine service; or when his supply of Clos- " Vougeot did not arrive in time, or on some " other occasion of equal weight.

" The Canon Dumenil enjoyed twenty-seven " thousand livres a-year in three benefices: " the first of these had been given him as a re- " ward for a ready-made sermon which he " preached before the court at Choisy, and " which he had purchased for sixty francs of a " young collegian; the second was the pro- " duce of a certificate of confession given at a " critical period to a minister accused of phi- " losophy; the third had been granted him

" in remuneration of the zeal he had shown in " supporting the interests of his chapter, in a " legal procees against the *Hotel Dieu*. I lived " three years with this holy man, and should " very probably have passed my life with him, " if he had not died of an apoplexy the very day " on which the Constituent Assembly decreed " the suppression of tithes.

" I took advantage of the suit of mourning, " which the Canon's nephew made all the ser- " vants assume before he discharged them, to " offer myself as a valet-de-chambre to the Vis- " count d'Arpenay. I was received on the re- " commendation of the house-keeper, whom I " had often seen in the house of Dumenil, and " in whom I shall just observe, without any ma- " licious meaning, there was a very considera- " ble resemblance to a *madonna* in the Canon's " oratory.

" The Viscount, to judge from the air of dis- " dain which custom had imprinted on his " features, and from the report of his old do- " mestics, must have been very difficult to serve " some years before; but at the period of my " entering into his service the rights of man had " just been declared, and the interval of con- " vention which prejudice had placed between " the different classes of men began to be sen- " sibly diminished. The system of equality was " rapidly gaining ground, and threatened the " authority of the king. My master, who was " a profound politician, thought it advisable to " have two strings to his bow: he went with " one part of his people to make his court at

" Versailles, and sent me with the other into
" the Suburbs: he had Mirabeau to dinner on
" one day, and the Abbe Maury on the next.
" But this skilful manœuvre had not all the
" success which was expected from it. On the
" memorable 6th of October one of his domes-
" tics was killed in the riot by the Life-guards,
" and he was himself very near being *lanterned*
" in the avenue of Paris by a group of the *faux-*
" *bourgh Saint Antoine*, of which I made one.

" The Viscount no longer hesitated as to the
" plan he should pursue: he emigrated, and I
" dispensed with the pleasure of attending him:
" I congratulated myself on my prudence when
" I learned, two years afterwards, that he was
" reduced to seek a subsistence from the pro-
" duce of the custards and cheesecakes which
" he manufactured in a little town of Eastern
" Prussia.

" I passed some weeks in haranguing the
" groups of the Palais Royal, but I was not long
" in perceiving that this trade would not feed
" its man. I one day made this remark in
" presence of the journaliat Goras, who had
" just applauded the motion I had been making
" in the open air; he proposed to me to put
" myself in his pay: I readily accepted a pro-
" posal which suited alike my taste and my
" necessities. I entered the house of the pro-
" prietor and editor of the *Courier des Departe-*
" *mens*, not in the capacity of a domestic (a
" denomination injurious to the dignity of
" man,) but with the more becoming title of
" clerk. My principle occupation was to carry

" the copy of the journal to press, which gave " me an opportunity of slipping in occasionally " a few articles of my own, among which I must " number that *Reclamation on the Departure " of* MESDAMES, which made so much noise in " the world, and to which I gave the following " termination, already preserved among the " choice morsels of history.

' Citizens! let them depart, but retain their ' baggage: it is the property of the people it is ' our clothes., it is our *chemises* that they are ' carrying away.'

" At the word *chemises*, so suitable and so " natural, the furious aristocracy replied by an " impertinent song, to a common ballad tune, " requiring the *surrender of the chemises to " Goras;* and raising some doubt as to the " number, quality, and color of those he might " possibly have. Ridicule at that epoch was " still a weapon; my patron was wounded by " it: he laid the blame on me, and turned me " out of doors. I regretted him much: he was " at bottom the best man in the world.

" I followed several months the trade of a " provider of substitutes, in the section of " *Brutus*, where I met an old chanter of the " chapter of M. Dumenil, whom circumstances " had compelled to change his pursuits: he was " now counter-tenor in a provincial theatre, " and had come to Paris to claim the patronage " of his old companion Collot d'Herbois. The " Solon of 93 received him with a comic digni- " ty which he had the misfortune to laugh at;

" but his gaiety was repressed before evening
" by a *mandate of arrest.*

" I accompanied my friend in his visit, but
" kept my countenance so well, that the equit-
" able Collot, who punished and rewarded with
" equal discernment, gave me a situation with
" one of his friends, whom he sent on a mission
" into the department of the Mouths of the
" Rhone.

" On arriving at Marseilles we fixed our
" quarters in the handsomest house in the Rue
" de Rome. To avoid any danger of quarrel-
" ling with the proprietor, we had taken the
" precaution of arresting him the preceding
" evening. We led a very pleasant life. I *tu-*
" *toyed* my master; I sat at his table; but from
" want of money he did not pay my wages. I
" imagined the expedient of deriving a little
" revenue from my sensibility, and accepted an
" hundred louis that were offered me for the
" discharge of a prisoner, which I induced the
" Representative to sign. Unluckily he came
" to the knowledge of my little commerce. Re-
" publican virtue could not temporize with this
" species of transgression. My master dismiss-
" ed me; and it was only through the solicita-
" tion of the beautiful Madame L——, who
" did the honors of his house, that I escaped
" being guillontined as an abettor of Pitt and
" Cobourg.

" I now followed a military Commissary,
" who was departing to join the army of the
" Eastern Pyrenees. My new master was much
" less scrupulous than my last had been, and

" would very soon have made both his fortune " and mine, if General Dugommier, who treated " financial matters rather too lightly, had not " discovered a little mistake of the Commissa- " ry, who had entered in his accounts a hun- " dred thousand rations of forage as having " been burned on the approach of the enemy, " when it appeared that he had sold them for " his own advantage; and ordered him, in con- " sequence, without any intervention of forms, " to be shot one morning. The cause of the " poor commissary was well revenged a few " days afterwards: the General was killed by " an howitzer.

" I had been implicated in this cursed affair. " The commissioner charged to examine my " conduct, pretended to have discovered that I " had accepted twenty-five louis for a signature " which I had entered on the margin of the " fraudulent account. My prejudiced and ma- " levolent judge persisted in discovering a for- " gery in this act of pure complaisance, and I " know not whither I should have been led by " the detachment appointed to execute the un- " just sentence against me, if Providence had " not thrown in our way, within a few leagues " of Tours, a column of the Vendean army: my " guards took to flight, and I sought refuge in " the ranks of my deliverers, whom I thought " I should interest more warmly in my fate by " offering myself to their eyes as a victim of " the august cause they defended.

" I returned to Paris on the 9th of Thermi- " dor. I lived then without money, without

" certificate, and not knowing where to lay my
" head. One day, when I went for the thir-
" teenth time to put down my name in the
" office of the *Petites Affiches*, I there met with
" a young lady of an elegant figure, who at-
" tracted my attention by the animation of her
" manners and a somewhat more than feminine
" energy in the tones of her voice. She was
" dictating to the clerk who compiled the ad-
" vertisements. He wrote as follows:

' Wanted as a valet-de-chambre to a single
' person, a man between thirty and thirty-five
' years of age, of a good nature and an agreea-
' ble appearance, who can occasionally officiate
' as secretary, and is able to ride post. No one
' need apply who is deficient in any one of these
' qualifications.'

" I heard all this very distinctly: there was
" an openness in her manner of speaking which
" overcame my natural bashfulness. ' Madam,'
" said I, approaching her with a mingled air of
" respect and deliberation, and addressing her
" with the best grace I could assume, ' if my ap-
" pearance does not displease you, I will ven-
" ture to lay claim to all the qualifications you
" require. I am thirty-four years of age, five
" feet six inches in height; I would ride for a
" wager against the most indefatigable bags-
" man, and I have studied with the view of
" writing in the newspapers,' The lady looked
" at me with a very encouraging smile, and or-
" dered me to call the next morning for her an-
" swer at her own house.

" I did not fail to be there at the time ap-
" pointed. It was two o'clock: she had not yet
" risen, and five or six men of the number of her
" most particular friends, who assembled there
" every morning, were engaged in familiar con-
" versation at the head of her bed. I saw them
" depart one after another, and recognised
" among them several chiefs of a party, formida-
" ble even after its overthrow, and known under
" the name of the *tail of Robespierre*. As soon
" as she was alone, she rang for her woman,
" and ordered me to be shown up. I was daz-
" zled by the taste and elegance of a bed-cham-
" ber, in which glasses and flowers combined in
" an infinite variety of fascination. Madame
" Darvis (the name of her whom I was author-
" ized from this day to call my mistress) ac-
" cepted my services with a condescension so
" particular, that my self-love derived from it
" the foundation of hopes to which the future
" was not slow in giving reality.

" I learned on the very evening of my arrival,
" in the course of a conversation with the *femme*
" *de chambre*, who already began to treat me
" with prophetic consideration, the history, or
" rather the adventures, of Madame Darvis.
" She was the daughter of a man of quality, and
" at the age of fourteen had married the silly
" heir of one of the richest houses in the capi-
" tal. At sixteen, she threw off the yoke of con-
" jugal authority, and followed to the field a
" young officer of the army of the North; who
" at the epoch of the defection of Dumourier
" took refuge on the shores of the lake of Con-

" stance, The tender Victorine had promised
" to follow him: in a few days afterwards she
" was actually on the road; but the devil, who
" who alone at that time meddled with the af-
" fairs of France, and who sought an agreeable
" relaxation from the fury with which he in-
" spired the one half of its inhabitants, in the
" folly with which he inspired the other, threw
" into her way a certain A. D. a republican del-
" egate, who being suddenly facinated, pro-
" cured himself the time and opportunity re-
" quisite for the declaration of his passion by
" putting the object of it under arrest; and did
" not restore her liberty till he had lost his own.

" This connexion determined the political
" principles of Madame Darvis, whom the na-
" tural bent of her character led to every kind
" of extravagance. His patriotism became mad-
" ness: and while she condemned the violent
" measures employed by the revolutionists for
" founding the Republic, she was conspicuous
" at R——, at N——, at A——, haranguing in
" the clubs, presiding at detestable fetes, and
" even carrying her extravagance so far as to
" be publicly adored in a temple under the
" name and figure of the *Goddess of Reason.*

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[I suppress the end of a paragraph, which there would be, on more accounts than one, an impropriety in rendering public.]

" I played a double part in this house, and
" played it worse and worse every day: it flat-
" tered neither my idleness nor my ambition,
" nor even my vanity, when I knew on what

" my happiness depended: I was not less dis-
" posed to demand my dismissal than others
" were to give it me.

" Among the trusty friends of Madame Dar-
" vis was a citizen N——, concerning whom,
" during several weeks, I had made a singular
" observation: I saw him go out of the house
" every morning, but I never saw him enter it.
" One day he came himself to awake me; his
" manner was strongly indicative of anxiety
" and impatience: he ordered me to put the
" horse to the cabriolet, and follow him. I hes-
" itated at first to obey; but my reluctance was
" overcome by an anticipative calculation of
" the probable use he might make of a cane in
" his hand, which he flourished with uncom-
" mon dexterity. We went down into the
" court-yard: he returned for a minute into the
" house; and while I was harnessing the horse,
" four gendarmes arrived: M. N—— spoke in
" a low tone to their chief, took his seat in the
" cabriolet, ordered me to get up behind, and
" drove to the Luxembourg; where I was not a
" little surprised to find that he made his entree
" in the capacity of Director. He seemed to
" think that I was entitled to some recompense,
" and in a few days appointed me porter of the
" directorial palace. Now, indeed, I thought
" my fortune made with people who made theirs
" so well. I followed the example of Little
" John—' None entered our door without
" greasing the knocker.'

" M. N——was intrusted with the depart-
" ment of the contracts, and had organized this

" branch of administration in a manner totally
" new. To render this office equally pleasant
" and profitable, he had chosen as his assistants
" some amiable women (and Madame Darvis
" among the number,) who conducted business
" with a freedom and facility very rarely to be
" met with. I did not neglect the advantages
" my situation offered: I drew up a table of
" rates for all the favors that might be procured
" through my intervention: so much for con-
" veying a petition to the Director; so much
" for an acknowledgment of reception; so much
" for speaking to Madame S——, to Madame
" A——, to Madame R——: besides this, I
" levied a reasonable contribution on every thing
" that was brought to the house: in short, I
" managed so well, that in less than six months
" I had accumulated a hundred thousand francs
" in *mandats*; which, however, I did not think
" quite so solid as ingots. - - - -
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" Business did not interfere with pleasure.
" The same ladies whose mornings were so
" usefully employed, met in the evening in the
" Director's apartments; and God knows of
" what delicious repasts, of what delightful
" orgies the nights were witnesses.
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" But affection, credit, and power, wore out
" rapidly under the Directory. My master be-
" came tired of my services; and my reign,
" more transient even than his, did not survive
" his attachment to Madame Darvis: he gave
" me my discharge. But as misfortunes never

" come single, I had embarked my little prop-
" erty in a speculation which my late mistress
" directed; she became a bankrupt, and I lost,
" in one day, the fruit of a year of toil.

" This lady, who had found the means of get-
" ting rid of a troublesome lover, by procuring
" him an appointment of aide-de-camp to a gen-
" eral officer employed on the expedition to
" Egypt, took a double advantage of the oppor-
" tunity, and persuaded me to follow him to the
" banks of the Nile. The general, his aide-de-
" camp, and myself, all three paid our creditors
" by assigning to them a portion of the revenues
" of the Pachalick, which we intended to take
" possession of in Syria.

" We departed - - - - - - -

[The geographical and military knowledge of Julian throws little interest into the details of his voyage: we will, therefore, hasten to land with him on the ancient shore of the Pharaohs.]

" My general was one of the first victims of
" this memorable campaign: he was killed at
" the gates of Alexandria, and left me as a leg-
" acy to General Menou, who, on our arrival
" at Cairo, promoted me to the rank of super-
" intendent of his household.

" My new master, whose devotion to Bona-
" parte was not checked by idle scruples, and
" who heard him daily repeat in his proclama-
" tion, that *God is God, and Mahomet is his*
" *prophet*, took it according to the letter, bar-
" tered his hat for a turban, and, that nothing
" might be wanting to his new character of a

" faithful Mussulman, he married, in open " mosque, a girl whose father kept a bagnio at " Damascus, and gave her a dozen female com- " panions, of whom he composed his haram.

" General Aldhala loved me much, and wish- " ed me to retain the place I held in his house, " without derogating from the established cus- " toms of the Mussulmans, whose creed he had " just embraced, One day he summoned me " to him: I found him in the baths, sitting on " a cushion on the ground, in the Turkish " fashion, with his pipe and sherbet. He gave " me to understand, that he wished me to qual- " ify myself for an officer of the seraglio. I " answered by a positive refusal. He insisted, " and concluded by telling me, that he would " find the means of conquering my foolish ob- " stinacy, and making my fortune in spite of " myself. This promise, or, rather, this menace, " terrified me to such a degree, that, without " awaiting the result, I took refuge with a " member of the Egyptian Institute, on board " the frigate which bore Cæsar and his fortune " back to France. We disembarked at Frejus.

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" Baron N——, to whom Rustan, the Mam- " eluke, had recommended me, held a very " high place in the Emperor's favor, though " he had rendered him a signal service on the " 18th Brumaire. Protection among princes " is the sublime of gratitude. Every animal is " true to its instinct: accordingly, the Baron, " whom fortune had supplied with the means

" of sitting down comfortably at home, chose " rather to pass his life at the back of another " man's chair. Dependence is his element. A " master he must have: who that master may " be, is a point of little consequence. Satisfied " for his own sake, with a servile state of ex- " istence, he thinks not of the color, but only " of the richness of the livery. The domestic " had all the defects of a master, and the " master all the vices of a lacquey: it seemed " scarcely possible that we should agree; never- " theless he treated me with great kindness. " How could he do otherwise, to a man recom- " mended by the Emperor's Mameluke?

" On the morning of the 20th of March, the " Baron received news from Fontainbleau, " which determined him on setting out imme- " diately to join the ministers at Blois. We " departed through the gate d'Enfer, while the " armies were fighting at Belleville, crying, " with all our lungs, *Vive l'Empereur!* We " were prudent enough to stop at the third " stage on the road to Orleans, where we were " informed, during the night, of the great event " of the day. This news altered our designs. " At day-break we commenced our return to " Paris. We re-entered the city by the gate of " the Champs-Elysees, with the white scarf on " our arms, and an enormous white cockade in " our hats, shouting *Vive le Roi!* Two months " afterwards, the Baron made a merit of the " promptitude of his loyalty, to obtain the bril- " liant place which he at present occupies."

No. XXVII.—*January* 7, 1815.

RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR MDCCCIV.

FIFTH SUPPER OF M. GUILLAUME.

" Multa dies variique labor mutabilis ævi
" Retulit in melius."—*Virg. Æn.* xi. 425.

Time's changeful course a better state restores.

My neighbor Moussinot paid me a very early visit on the morning of new years's day: he was desirous, he said, to be one of the first to wish me the compliments of the season. I returned the ceremony in nearly the same terms: we sat down by the fire, and entered into conversation over a cup of tea.

" Well, neighbor," said I, " another good " year has passed."—" In the first place," answered he, " no good year is ever passed. " The good years are always to come. The rest " are all alike; consisting of twelve months, and " containing four quarter-days: is it not so?"

" —How! did you never find any more re-
" markable difference between one year and
" another?"—I must confess there are three
" years which constitute important epochs in
" my remembrance: that in which I was mar-
" ried—that in which I retired from business—
" and that in which my house took fire through
" the carelessness of one of my tenants: with
" these exceptions, I see nothing more in the
" succession of years than a monotonous circle
" of similar events: the same fears, the same
" hopes, the same anxieties, and the same en-
" joyments."—" I should have thought, never-
" theless, that every year of our famous revolu-
" tion had been marked with a character suffi-
" ciently distinct to satisfy the wishes of the
" most ardent lovers of change."—" It may
" have been so in the eyes of those who stand
" on the root to take the most extensive possi-
" ble view: to me, who have always been con-
" tented with looking through the window,
" things have constantly seemed to go on in the
" same invariable train. In 1789, when a few
" cabalistical words, which I never understood,
" turned the heads of the whole nation, mine
" remained cool; and, while all was tumult
" around me, I continued tranquil in the midst
" of the whirlpool, by retiring towards the cen-
" tre, where the motion was less perceptible.
" I was a wool-merchant: I had no ambition
" to be a legislator; I therefore kept at a pru-
" dent distance from the formation of assem-
" blies, committees, and clubs. I paid the im-
" positions that were demanded of me; I sold

" in *assignats;* I bought at the *maximum;* and,
" taking all in all, my little fortune did not
" suffer materially. When Bonaparte assumed
" the sovereign power, I was too old, and my
" sons were too young to be soldiers: what was
" his elevation to me? He gained great vic-
" tories—history is full of them; but they did
" me neither good nor harm. He fell from the
" throne, and I rejoiced in his fall, for this
" very obvious reason, that my house, being
" in the line of a projected street, would have
" been pulled down if he had not fallen first.
" Thus, on an accurate calculation, after sus-
" taining my part for sixty years in the great
" drama of life, I see the actors change from
" time to time, but the piece remains the same."

All this egotism, ignorance, and apathy, do not constitute in M. Moussinot an original and insulated character: his history is that of a multitude of good citizens, who, in the great events by which the face of empires is changed before their eyes, see only the particular advantage or inconvenience that may result to themselves. When the first impressions of alarm had subsided, they beheld in the capture of Paris only the occasion of a splendid pageant, and of the passing of a brilliant retinue before their doors. How could they attach importance to events of which themselves were witnesses, and which they read in the same gazette that announced, a few lines lower, the damnation of a pantomine? They know no kingdom but the *good city*, and no country but their parish: they exclaim against war when it increases

their taxes, and against peace when it raises their rents: this little number of political ideas is sufficient to fill the whole capacity of their brain.

We should have carried this dialogue further, but my children summoned me to conduct them to their mother's apartment: M. Moussinot quitted me, and we agreed to resume the conversation at supper.

The first day of the year is a day of family re-union: every individual of mine was present; we sat down to table, and having exhausted, during the repast, the subject of new year's gifts, and heard, during the dessert, the usual compliments and couplets, the women and children withdrew to the saloon, to dance a rondo composed by my son Victor; the more reasonable, or, at least, reasoning portion of the company, remained with me, to hold a grave debate in presence of a bowl of punch, which made its influence sufficiently obvious during the progress of the discussion.

"Do you remember, gentlemen," said Dubuisson, replenishing our glasses, "the situa- "of France on this day of the last year? Our "territory invaded at all points, our fields de- "vastated by innumerable armies—a few re- "mains of our brave legions, the eternal honor "of the French name, supplying the deficiency "of numbers by supernatural courage, and "vainly opposing a bulwark of iron to the tor- "rent of soldiers which all Europe poured "against us! In what fearful darkness were we "enveloped! Anxiety, terror, and the fury of

" despair were portrayed on every counte-
" nance. I dined on that day with a member of
" the Legislative Body; he returned from the
" Thuilleries, where he had seen Napoleon—
" Napoleon, who had filled the world with the
" splendor of his glory and the terror of his
" name—who had disposed at will of the
" thrones of Europe—now tottering on his own,
" which crumbled beneath him, and proudly
" repulsing the aid which was offered him. His
" answer to the deputies was the last sigh of
" his power."

CLENORD.

Compare with this picture that of France at the present day, breathing in peace under a king whose power is founded on the love of the people, on respect for the laws which he has imposed upon himself, *on that political liberty, the object of so many toils, so many sacrifices, and which the nation will never renounce.*

DUTERRIER.

To form a just idea of a picture, the shades must not be forgotten. M. de Clenord says nothing of that cloud of courtiers, of all ages, dimensions, and colors, many of whom have not even taken the trouble to change their last years's livery of green and gold: he says nothing of those enemies of the state who are shocked at the words *constitutional charter*, and labor so zealously to destroy it; of that active crowd

of middling people, with no title but importunity, and no recommendation but impudence, who slide into all employments, and bend themselves in such a manner as to pass under the lowest doors; of those hireling informers who are paid at so much a lie; and of those infamous scribblers who sell themselves at so much a page.

FREMINVILLE.

That is all very true: nevertheless, our situation and our manners are changed inconceivably for the better. The true thermometer of public prosperity is luxury: now, there have been more new carriages, more balls, more visiting, and more consumption of dainties, in the past, than in any preceding year; therefore, as the *Journal des Debats* observes, France was never in a more flourishing condition.

GUILLAUME.

If the proofs of my cousin Freminville do not appear sufficient, it may be added, that our finances are recovering themselves, our commercial relations extending themselves, our manufactures prospering; and what is of more importance, that public spirit, without which there is no country, no true greatness, is making daily and indisputable advances.

CLENORD.

M. Guillaume says nothing of literature and the sciences.

GUILLAUME.

Unhappily, there is nothing good to be said on those subjects; in them the new order of things has *not** made itself felt.

DUTERRIER.

It is certain, that with the exception of the *Life of Bossuet* by M. de Beausset, no remarkable work in any department of literature has been published since the restoration.

CLENORD.

The *small change* of literature has circulated abundantly in *brochures*, pamphlets, libels, and dissertations of all kinds; and an accurate inspection would demonstrate, that our authors, during the last ten months, have thrown out in loose sheets more paradoxes, truths, lies, and wit, than would be sufficient to fill an hundred octavo volumes.

* The negative here seems rather out of its place. T.

DUTERRIER.

The Muse of Poetry has not been better inspired than her sisters. One poet alone, of a name more familiar to Mars than Apollo, has made his appearance on Parnassus: he has sung Charlemagne in very lordly rhymes; and if his poem contain not sufficient beauties to excuse the extravagant eulogium it would once have received, neither is it so abounding in defects as to justify the basely bitter satires pronounced on it now.

FREMINVILLE.

There have been worse years for the theatres. At the *Francais*, the tragedy of *Ulysse* is not an inglorious debut, and the *Etats de Blois* are not unworthy the author of the *Templiers*. I am ready to allow, that the comedy of *Fouquet* is the most detestable piece of trash in five acts that ever disgraced any theatre on earth.

The Opera has given us, at an interval of some months, two works under very different circumstances. The one was interrupted by the noise of cannon; the other, by the noise of the orchestre.

At the *Feydeau*, I shall mention only the opera of *Joconde;* but you will acknowledge, that this production is a masterpiece of its kind.

We are indebted to the *Odeon* for a pretty comedy in three acts: it is earnestly to be wished that this useful theatre may obtain from

government and the public the encouragement it merits. I have nothing to say of the minor theatres, but that we have left off laughing at the *Vaudeville*, and are ashamed of laughing at the *Varietes*.

DUBUISSON.

Let us speak of the journals.

CLENORD.

That question belongs to M. Guillaume: he is in the secret.

GUILLAUME.

I will say, with a certain compiler of the *Journals des Debats*, *that the best in all points of view is indisputably that in which I am engaged;* for I am by no means inclined to assume the air of a mountebank puffing his balsam; but I will confess, as a general truth, of which I shall leave you to make the application, that the best journal is that, which is conducted in a good spirit, with the greatest degree of intellect and independence; that of which the writers do not lie to their own consciences, nor make a trade of their opinions, but direct themselves by enlarged views of the interests of the country, and the principles of general justice.

FREMINVILLE.

Your definition of a good journal teaches me which to avoid; but it does not so readily instruct me which to choose.

DUTERRIER.

Literature has gained little this year; but, I lament to observe, it has felt a double loss. The biographer of *Virginia*, and the lover of *Eleonora*, have died within a few months of each other. The first, notwithstanding his errors in physics, will always be regarded as one of our most eloquent prose writers: the other, notwithstanding some aberrations of another kind, will remain the model of our amatory poets.

MOUSSINOT.

You have forgotten to mention the only two events, which give the past year a peculiar physiognomy in the history of the world: the *exit* of Bonaparte and the *entrance* of Louis XVIII.—*To the health of the King.*

CLENORD.

The King, the constitutional charter, and the glory and liberty of France.

M. de Clenord stood up. We imitated his action. Our glasses were filled immediately, and we drank his toast with enthusiasm.

No. XXVIII.—*January* 14, 1815.

THE HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE.

" Il s'obstine, et bientot ses tresors disparaissent
" Changes en remords devorans.
" Enfin l'indigence cruelle,
" Trainant tous les maux avec elle,
" Dissipe, mais trop tard, l'erreur qui l'a seduit.
" Sans asile, rebut du monde qui l'abhorre,
" O mort! il t'appelle, il t implore;
" Tu serais un bienfait dans l'horreur qui le suit."

He rushes on: his treasures fly:
Remorse, and shame, and poverty,
His parting steps attend.
The houseless outcast of mankind,
On death he calls with frenzied mind,
His best, his latest friend.

The police in great capitals is often compelled to tolerate, and sometimes even to create, appropriate drains and receptacles for that froth and scum of society, which if not thus concentrated, but allowed to diffuse itself at large, would become the contagious source of universal corruption.

Paris contains several places of this description, which are unknown even by name to the

more respectable portion of its inhabitants, and which can only reach their knowledge by a similar chance to that which recently brought one of them to mine.

It seems difficult to imagine, that a man who makes this first appearance in Paris traversing the Champs-Elysees in a berlin and six; whose domestics have previously engaged the most elegant suite of apartments in the Hotel Grange Bateliere; who comes with the design of passing several years in this capital, where his fortune enables him to gratify every rational taste and every fantastical whim; it is difficult, I say, to imagine, that this man may, in less than two years, find himself in such a situation, that his misconduct will have closed the doors of all his friends against him, that all his resources will be exhausted, and that he will have sunk to that last stage of destitution, in which, having no longer a fireside or a home, he will be reduced to seek an asylum in a haunt, where he may, at least, hope to pass the night without perishing by cold.

It is little known how many persons thus lamentably circumstanced, are to be found in Paris; still less, that one of the places in which they assemble, is decorated with the name of the *Hotel d'Angleterre*. This *hotel* (since it retains the name) is situated in one of the largest streets, and in one of the best parts of Paris. It was known thirty years ago by a *table d'hote*, from which good company was not absolutely excluded. It then enjoyed the privilege of a double tennis-court, where the mas-

ters ruined themselves in the saloon, and the valets in the anti-chamber. This digraceful branch of industry was brought to singular perfection during the revolution; more brilliant temples were opened to Fortune; the rich players (that is to say, those who had any thing left to lose) deserted the Hotel d'Angleterre, and this place was no longer frequented but by the refuse of a class of men, of which the more respectable portion can claim no greater advantage over the other than in the freedom of a few hours, and the use of a few crowns.

I should probably have remained all my life in ignorance of this shameful retreat, but for one of those occurrences which sometimes force an individual to a momentary departure from the circle of his habits.

My wife's family is one of the richest in France, in the valuable article of cousins. She has some in every province in the kingdom; the poorest are in Normandy. Among the latter was an old bachelor, whom I shall call La Morangere.

Being a younger brother, he lived forty-five years on the modest produce of a few acres of grass-land, which brought him an annual income of from fifteen to eighteen hundred livres. His defects, hidden in the bosom of a village, there passed for originality.

His game, or rather games of piquet with the curate of the place, regularly consumed six hours of his day. Eight butts of *vin de Brie*, which he annually received in exchange for his

cider, were scarcely sufficient for the consumption of his table; the honors of which were done, to the best of her ability, by a young house-keeper from the *Pays de Caux*.

It was reasonable to suppose, that the life of M. de la Morangere would glide on in these pleasant occupations, and that he would await its termination with the same tranquility in which he had passed its prime: but fate has always some caprice in store to deceive the calculations of reason. An old aunt of Lizieux, who could never see him while she lived, by one of those contradictions of the human mind which I shall not attempt to explain, left him all her fortune, to the exclusion of two female relations who had attended her twenty years.

"*Adversity*," says La Rochefoucalt, "*is* "*more easy to be borne than prosperity.*" La Morangere is an example of the truth of this proposition. Suddenly put into possession of an annual income of sixty thousand livres, he commenced his career of folly, by leaving the settlement of a considerable inheritance in Normandy to a man of business, who gave him an unlimited credit on a banking-house in Paris, where he arrived in all the splendor of metropolitan luxury.

A footman, every seam of his dress covered with lace, presented me a note, informing me, that a relation, newly arrived in Paris, was very anxious to see me at the Hotel Grange Bateliere. I might have answered, that the distance from his hotel to my house was not greater than from my house to his hotel; but I

did not know his age, and I am not the slave of ceremony.

I complied with the invitation. I found La Morangere established in a sumptuous suite of apartments. He received me with a rustic politeness, in which I thought I could remark that he was more desirous of availing himself of the advantages which his fortune might give him in my eyes, than of those of our alliance. He assured me, nevertheless, that he had taken the journey expressly for the sake of seeing his cousin, of whom he had always cherished the most pleasing remembrance; he begged me to introduce him into the world, and declared he wished to conduct himself exclusively by my advice.

I was eight days without seeing him: at length he made his appearance, and, with some lame excuses to his cousin, invited us to dine with him on the following day. I was less astonished at the magnificence of the repast, than at the number and choice of the guests, not one of whom was known to me, though all were qualified with illustrious titles. Among this new shoal of friends, I heard the name of a celebrated gamester, and the attentions which were shown to him awakened suspicions in my mind that were very soon changed to certainty.

After dinner I proposed to my cousin to introduce him, according to his former wish, to cause some acquaintances. His inclination on this point seemed considerably cooled, and he answered me, in an absent manner, by giving

orders to set out the card-tables, round which, to my great surprise, the company disposed themselves. In number were several *countesses* and *marchoinesses*, who reminded me of that little dialogue of the Duc de L*** with two females of elder celebrity: " What do you play " for, ladies ?"—" Honor, M. le Duc."— " There will be nothing for the cards."

My wife and myself departed, well convinced that our poor cousin was transferring his inheritance to persons to whom perhaps he would not so readily have bequeathed it in his will.

Six days elapsed without my seeing him again. He had passed them in such a manner as to augment all our fears: I thought it my duty to terrify him with a delineation of the consequences of his mode of life: he either did not hear me, or heard me very imperfectly, through the noise of a fortune of twelve hundred thousand francs, which was crumbling to atoms. I made him read the satire of the *Pauvre Diable:* he read it as a romance, and either could not, or would not, understand that this romance would soon be his own history.

The luxury of his table, the expensive tastes of his mistresses, the active zeal of his friends, reduced him very soon to the necessity of borrowing. He called to intrust me with the secret of his embarrassment. I united to my advice the offer of my services: he accepted the latter. On his second visit I repeated my advice and suppressed my services: he grew an-

gry, and I thought myself at liberty to give him neither the one nor the other.

He left me, and sought resources in the play which had caused his ruin, till some judgments given against him in the tribunals sent him to regulate his accounts in prison. His man of business clearly demonstrated to his creditors, that there only remained to him a balance of two hundred and fifty thousand francs. He was then set at liberty, without any earthly possession but what he carried about him.

Nothing is more rapidly exhausted in Paris than the benevolence of such friends as La Morangere had made in the time of his prosperity. Some valuable jewels, which he might have converted into a permanent provision, melted away in the shops where money is lent on pledge. I was two years without hearing him named.

One of his sisters wrote to me, a few months since, to inquire what had become of him. All my researches had been ineffectual. I addressed myself to one of those men who have an *eye* more than other people, and who enjoy the privilege possessed by certain animals, of distinguishing objects in the dark. " I know." said he, " him of whom you speak ; and, if you have " the courage to follow me, I will conduct you " this evening to the place where he lives."

At eleven at night I repaired to our appointed rendezvous, at the *Cafe de la Regence.* I found my man, and we went out together. After walking a few paces, we turned down a narrow gateway into a long corridor, at the end of which I read, in transparency, on the glasses

of a smoky lantern, "BUVETTE DE NUIT.*" I advanced, not without a sort of mingled fear and disgust, in a place where I seemed to breathe a peculiar air of corruption. On emerging from the corridor, we found ourselves in a muddy court, which we had scarcely entered, when we were surrounded by five or six men, who rushed from one of the lower apartments, crying, "*Guard!*" I recoiled in alarm. "Fear "nothing," said my guide; "they are only "amusing themselves." He took me by the hand, and conducted me to the *buvette*, crossing a kitchen, where an old woman, by whose side Le Sages's Leonora would have appeared a miracle of beauty and cleanliness, was bustling in the midst of a volcano of smoke. The oaths of this fury assailed our ears in conjunction with the fizzling of the bacon she was frying, from which issued a smell, that seized with as much violence on the throat, as the smoke of her green wood exercised on the eyes.

We passed from this den into a cellar, lighted by a brass lamp with three branches, which shed its dismal and uncertain rays on the hideous objects around us. I now really thought myself in the cavern of Gil Blas.

"You appear much surprised," said my conductor, calling for a bottle of wine; "it is ob-"vious that this is your first visit here; it will "probably be the last; therefore take the op-"portunity of making your observations before "the appearance of our man: he will very soon "arrive."

* Nocturnal drinking-house.

I asked him some questions concerning the characters before us. " The person," said he, " sleeping on that bench, with his head on a " fagot, is a man of letters, author of several " dramatic pieces, some of which have had " great success in the principal theatres: he " has no asylum but this public haunt of wretch- " edness, yet he cannot every night reach even " this, in the state of intoxication in which he " is habitually plunged.

" Those two poor devils who are playing at " piquet on a cask, with cards, of which accu- " mulated filth has tripled the natural thick- " ness, are the two oldest frequenters of the " *bouvette.* One of them was formerly a rich " grocer in the *Rue des Prouvaires:* ruined by " play, and long imprisoned for debt, he was " obliged to surrender his property in order to " procure his liberation; his wife died of grief; " and of his three infant children two are in the " orphan asylum, and he *lets out* the third to " that female beggar of the *Rue Taitbout,* who " implores public compassion by spreading on " a heap of straw five or six miserable little " creatures, of whom she pretends to be the " mother. His companion is an old soldier, a " man of good family, who little thinks that, " in less than an hour, he will be arrested for a " forgery which he committed some months " since.

" The fat knave, who is singing so loudly at " the opposite table, between two women, " whose profession you can easily guess, is an " old actor of one of our principal theatres,

" whence he was dismissed for misconduct. He " received this morning the quarter of his " wretched pension, and has come hither to ex- " pend it. That tolerably well dressed man, " walking up and down, and looking every mo- " ment at his watch, is, to all appearance, a " citizen of the Estrapade or the Marais: he " has reason to fear that he cannot return with " safety to his own house, and is considering " whether he shall pass the night where he now " is."—" I would willingly offer this poor man " a more creditable asylum."—" By no means," said my guide; " I have already observed that " he is, unknown to himself, under the protec- " tion of two of my people, who have just dis- " covered a conspiracy formed against him, and " are awaiting its effect to lay their hands on " some miscreants whom the *Bicetre* has long " demanded."

My new Asmodeus was proceeding with his review, when a fearful outcry attracted every one to the court. A man had just been murdered! But what language can express my grief and my surprise on discovering this man to be the unfortunate La Morangere?

No. XXIX.—*February* 11, 1815.

THE NIGHT-MARE.

" Le vrai peut quelquefois n'etre pas vraisemblable."

Boileau.

Truth may appear sometimes improbable.

The most pertinacious sceptic must be necessitated to admit, that there are some things inexplicable to reason, and unattainable, through the medium of the senses, by the most active imagination, that seem to present themselves supernaturally to the mind, without the intervention of material organs.

Olaus Magnus, in his learned history of the northern nations (*Historia de gentibus Septentrionalibus*,) relates, with all the simplicity and credulity of Plutarch, that the Laplanders, when they wish to know what is going forward in any distant place, send their familiar demon to make discoveries; when, after exciting their imagination with the sound of drums and cer-

tain musical instruments, they experience a sort of intoxication, during which, things they could never have known in their natural state are suddenly revealed to them.

Socrates and Jerome Cardan (who have no other point of resemblance) had, like the Laplanders, a familiar demon at their command. Carden, in his work *De Varietate Rerum*, enters into some details on this subject, which it is at our option to believe. He pretends to have the faculty of falling at will into an ecstacy, which renders him insensible to physical pain, and places him in relation with a new order of things. "When I wish," says he, "to "experience this ecstacy, I feel around my "heart, as it were, a separation of my soul, "which communicates itself, as through a little "door, to the whole machine, and principally "to the head and cerebellum: I am then im- "mediately transported out of myself."

This faculty of Cardan bears a great resemblance to the somnambulism of the Abbe Faria, which is nothing more than the *second sight* of the Scotch. I remember last year in the country, (while we were sitting round an antique fire-place, telling stories in the manner of that *good old time*, of which God forbid the return!) a Professor of the university of Aberdeen gave me an elaborate description of the nature of that *second sight*, the peculiar characteristic of the mountaineers of his country, and especially of his own family. I did not clearly comprehend his psychological explanation of the mystery, which, being given in the language of

an adept, would have required a new definition for every word: but I well remember one of the numerous examples with which he supported and illustrated his marvellous theory. I shall relate it here as an oratorical precaution.

"I belong, as you know," said the Doctor, "to one of the most ancient Highland families: "one of my ancestors perished on the scaffold, "in the troubles of which Scotland was so long "the theatre, and the papers of our house (on "which depended the rights of the head of our "family to an immense fortune, and the peer- "age of the realm) had been lost nearly two "centuries. From father to son, during the "whole of this period, the most diligent re- "searches had been carried on in vain, and we "had long abandoned the hope of recovering "these precious deeds. One winter evening, at "the close of the year 1737, my father and "grandfather were alone in a small house, "which they occupied in one of the suburbs of "London. The latter had been several months "confined to his arm-chair by the gout. After "a violent attack of this disorder, he fell into "that state of torpor which announces the ac- "cess of the *second sight*. Recovering from "his lethargy, my gradfather called his son:

"'Our titles are found,' said he, 'and with "them our dignity and fortune. Sit down, Ar- "thur, and, without interrupting me, write out "my instructions, which you must fulfil to the "letter.

"'To-morrow morning my son will go out "at seven o'clock precisely: he will proceed to

" London Bridge; he will there meet a fat man,
" in a one-horse chaise, with a Welsh wig, and
" a brown coat with mother-of-pearl buttons:
" the fat man's hat will be blown off by the
" wind; my son will pick it up, restore it po-
" litely to its owner, and request the favor of a
" ride in his chaise to Epping. The stranger
" will assent to this proposal. The chaise will
" stop before a large brick house, on its arrival
" in the vicinity of the town. The stranger will
" invite my son to dine with him; he will ac-
" cept the invitation. After dinner, when the
" farmer's wife and daughters have quitted the
" table, my son will request his host to conduct
" him to a large loft over the barn adjoining the
" great stable. The farmer will appear sur-
" prised at the request; but Arthur must post-
" pone answering any questions that may be
" asked. The farmer will conduct him to the
" loft, where, under an immense heap of old
" harness and farming implements, he will dis-
" cover a chest, bound with iron and studded
" with brass-headed nails. He will break the
" padlock, with the consent of the proprietor,
" and he will find in this chest all the papers of
" of our house.'

" My father punctually executed these in-
" structions; he met the Epping farmer on
" London Bridge, went home with him, and
" found according to the time, place, and man-
" ner dictated, those family papers, of which
" the existence had been revealed to my father
" in that intuitive vision which we call *second*
" *sight.*"

I shall not conceal from my readers that I indulged myself in a little ridicule of the noble and learned Scotchman's narrative, and that all the evidence with which he supported it could not vanquish my incredulity; but if it be easy to deny what another relates to us, how can we refuse credit to what we have seen ourselves?

I have been subject from my infancy to a species of night-mare, not unfrequently attended with singular results, which, nevertheless, I had not hitherto made the subject of rigid observation. I had merely remarked, that the painful state of entrance into which it threw me was usually the consequence of intellectual exertion, prolonged beyond the limits of my general capacity of attention, and that it participated in the nature of the objects to which that exertion had been directed.

A recent occurrence, of little importance in itself, but connected with the great political interests of the new social order, had led me insensibly to the consideration of the question—*Whether the re-establishment of the religious orders could be effected in France? And, supposing it to be possible, would it not necessarily cause the ruin of the constitutional monarchy?* My imagination became gradually heated with this idea, and shadowed out before me a mysterious synod, secretly pursuing in France the work of monastic regeneration. My senses were touched with fever. I retired early: and as I lay in bed, with my eyes open, in a state between waking and sleep, I was seized by a violent night-mare, accompanied by a vision, of

which not the minutest circumstance has escaped my memory.

I found or seemed to find, myself on the heights of Charonne, towards the close of day. As I crossed the *Rue de* . . . . . , in front of a dilapidated pile of buildings, some faint groans struck my ear, through the vague and monotonous noise which the tumult of a great city produces at a distance. I thought I could distinguish the place from which these sounds of lamentation issued: I knocked; no one appeared. Time had made a breach in one of the outer walls; I climed it by means of the rubbish which lay heaped on the side of the street, and, still guided by the plaintive sounds which first attracted my attention, I crossed a court almost overgrown with grass. I arrived without meeting any living creature at the vestibule of an old ruin, which I entered by a long arched corridor, where the darkness was feebly dissipated by the dim glimmering of a lamp suspended at the upper extremity.

Having reached the end of this long corridor, I distinguished the mournful voices of a number of young girls, and I thought I could discover, in the modulated accents of pain, the nature of the punishment by which they were elicited. Looking round for the means of approaching them, I discovered a window, and succeeded in raising myself to the height of the broken frame, through which, with equal indignation and astonishment, I beheld what was passing in the interior of this melancholy place. An old man, pale and miserably thin,

was kneeling at a little altar raised on steps, and praying with a loud voice, while six young girls, naked to the waist, of whom the eldest could not be more than sixteen years of age, were disciplining themselves with a scourge with which each of them was armed. The old man from time to time interrupted his prayers, to excite their zeal, and reprimand the weakness of those in whom the fervor of fanaticism seemed to relax.

I advanced into the midst of the apartment. My sudden appearance filled the assembly with consternation, and put a stop to the atrocities I had witnessed.

The director of the house hastened to snatch his victims from my sight; but he could not prevent one of them from throwing herself at my feet, and revealing to me the nature, the end, and the means of that strange association. The violent emotions to which this communication gave rise, and the cold-blooded effrontery of the holy ruffian in our subsequent explanation inflamed me to such a degree of anger, that I sprang out of bed, and awoke.

The objects of the night left so profound an impression on my mind, that, when I reviewed them on the following morning, I could not divest myself of that species of superstition, which led me to clothe a dream with the colors of reality. The place, the circumstances, the figures, even the names of the characters of the vision, were still present to my thoughts. I walked on the ensuing Monday into that very street, of which I had not before even suspect-

ed the existence. I recognized the house, before I cast my eyes on the number, which I well recollected. What was my surprise on discovering the very breach by which I had entered in my dream! I was not exactly disposed on this occasion to adopt the same mode of introduction. I rang at the gate: a long time elapsed before it was opened: at length, a woman in the habit of a nun, whose appearance did no honor to the dress she wore, introduced me with very ill grace into the interior of the enclosure, where I retraced successively all the images that my imagination had previously delineated. Not being able to obtain any satisfaction from the sister who conducted me, I insisted on being allowed to speak to the superior, or at least to the directress of the house.

She led me with visible disquietude through the long corridor which I had passed in idea. To the questions I asked, concerning the use of the dark hall before which we were passing, and of which the window caught my attention, she coldly answered, "it was the parlour." There came from it a little girl, who was immediately hurried from my sight. I ascended the stairs, and was shown into an apartment, where I saw with an astonishment I could not dissemble, a man whose features recalled to me those of the old fanatic in my dream.

It seemed to me, that my visit made a greater impression on him, from my apparent knowledge of the subject on which I sought information: and, fearing to abandon me to the

suspicions I appeared to have conceived, he determined to give me as much intelligence as he thought it would not be for his own interest to withhold.

"He had founded in this place a house of "education for young women, dedicated to the "*service of religion*. This community, of which "he was the *director*, belonged to the order of "Saint Francis: its rules were not more aus- "tere than those of other houses of the same "order." I took the liberty to observe, that it was at least extraordinary for a man to be at the head of a community of women, and that I knew of no orthodox example of the prerogative he assumed. He answered with affected humility (for, during our whole interview, his eyes were continually cast down,) that he was only accountable for his conduct to his superiors. I vainly insisted on visiting the house, on knowing its internal regulations, the authority of its tenure, and the number and description of its inhabitants. He persevered in his refusal; and the sound of a bell being heard, he entreated me to retire in a supplicatory tone of voice, that showed signs of fretful impatience through the veil of a hypocritical meekness.

Such were my dream and my subsequent adventure; which have occasioned such a confusion in my ideas, that I know not where to draw the line between falsehood and reality.

No. XXX.—*February* 25, 1815.

THE GAMING-HOUSES.

"On commence par etre dupe,
"On finit par etre fripon."

The gambler, passion's desperate slave,
Begins a dupe, and ends a knave.

A TRAVELLER, after a long absence in distant lands, returned to his own home. His friends flocked to see him, and testified an earnest desire to hear the recital of his adventures.

"I will tell you," said he, "the most extra-"ordinary thing I observed in my travels. "About a thousand or twelve hundred miles "from the country of the Louconnis" (a nation on the African coast,) "I fell in with a most "singular variety of the human race. They "pass whole nights sitting round a table, where "they do not eat, but which they devour with "their eyes. Thunderbolts might fall among "them, armies might contend beside them, "heaven and earth might threaten to rush to-"gether, without distracting their attention

" from the single thought that rivets it. From " time to time they pronounce some words " without any apparent connexion; which, " nevertheless, drive them alternately to the " extremes of joy and despair. I shall never " forget the dreadful expression of the counte- " nances of these people, in which sordid fear, " and greedy hope, and diabolical joy, the laugh " of the furies, and the torments of hell, were " delineated by turns."—" But," said the trav- eller's friends, " what is the object that occu- " pies these unfortunate people? Are they con- " demned or devoted to labors of public utili- " ty?"—" Far from it."—" Do they seek the " philosopher's stone?"—" quite the contra- " ry."—" Do they aim at *exalting their souls*, " that they may read futurity?"—" They think " only of the present."—" I comprehend: they " perform penance for the crimes they have " committed. They are nearer to commission " than to repentance."—" Then what is it they " do?"—" *They game.*"

This apologue, which I have hastily trans- lated, or rather imitated, from a German fabu- list, brings me at once to the centre of a ques- tion of general morality.

Gaming is one of the many dishonest methods of obtaining possession of the property of others, it requires a very sound judgment and a very methodical spirit, to distinguish it from ordinary thieving, since, where there is neces- sarily a dupe on one side, it is difficult to con- ceive that there is not a knave on the other.

Much has been written against gaming, but this is one of the cases in which a good decree of the police would be more useful than the most eloquent treatise. The oldest with which I am acquainted is the work of a Flemish physician, who hoped to cure himself of the passion by the detail of its pernicious effects; but he is only a lover declaiming against an absent mistress. About the middle of the sixteenth century, Paschasius Justice published his book *De alea, sive de curando ludendi in pecuniam cupiditate* (The Art of curing the Passion for Play,) which did not prevent that passion from causing his ruin and sending him to die in a hospital.

Jean Barbeyrac, a learned professor of Lausanne, composed a *Treatise on Play*, in three enormous volumes, in which he displayed an immense fund of erudition, without any profit to morality. Gataker, de la Placette, de Voet, d'Amesius, and a multitude of others, have also published various works on this subject, which are better known to the learned than to the frequenters of No. 113.

This passion, which loses itself, like certain torrents, in a shoreless and unfathomable gulf, has usually like them, an elevated source. In France, the great were the first on whom it seized. Louis IX. endeavored, by measures of severity, to banish it from his court: his brother Robert, Count d'Artois, set the example of infringing the royal decrees which opposed his love of play, which was also the ruling passion of the High Constable.

The *Hotel de Nesle* in the reign of Charles IV. was what the *Salon* is now: foreigners of distinction, persons of quality, and those who create for themselves an incontestable title by staking immense sums, assembled there for the purpose of gambling. The verses of Eustache Deschamps on the meetings at the Hotel de Nesle, are more antique in language than in circumstance:

Maints gentilshommes tres-haulx
Y ont perdu armes et chevaulx,
Argent, honnours et seignourie,
Dont c'etait horrible folie, &c.

Many a gallant knight and squire
There lost his arms, and gay attire;
Money and honors, house and lands, &c.

This passion for play, which was not to be suppressed by the decrees of our kings, yielded for a moment to the voice of a Benedictine monk. Pasquier relates,* that at the end of a sermon in which he had declaimed against this detestable frenzy, there was a general and public burning of dice, cards, and gaming-tables.

Henry III. united this to his other numerous vices and follies. It was not redeemed in him, as in his illustrious successor, by a multiplicity of excellencies, which rendered it scarcely perceptible.

* When a priest tells a story of the effect of his own preaching, it must always be received with a certain degree of scepticism. T.

"I know not," says Perefixe, "how to answer those who reproach him (Henry IV.) "with too great a passion for cards and dice, "so little becoming a great prince, and that, "at the same time, he was not an elegant player, but eager for gain, timid in great risks, "and ill-tempered in loss. I believe I must acknowledge, that it was a defect in this king, "who was not exempt from spots, any more "than the sun." This prince carried his infatuation to such a pitch, as to receive at the Louvre an Italian adventurer named Pimentel, whom Sully had the courage to turn out of doors.

The Letters of Madame de Sevigne would alone suffice to give us an idea of the pitch of unblushing extravagance, to which this passion was carried under Louis XIV.; she complains of it in many letters to her daughter. Gourville confesses that he has gained more than a million livres at *lansquenet*, and that Dangeau was scarcely less successful. The *elegant players* of that time were not the most honest of possible beings, if we may judge by the most elegant of all, the Chevalier de Grammont, who boasted of having gained two thousand pistoles from the Count de Cameron, at a game of *quinze*, supported by a detachment of infantry.

Play figured in the van of the disorders of the Regency; and, as Dussaulx judiciously observes, the system of that time was no better than a game of hazard, in which the whole nation was interested. The hotels of Gevres and Soissons were then converted into gaming-

houses. The anti-chambers, the porter's lodge, and even the apartments of the servants, were crowded with gamblers; but as at that period there were no laws by which so odious an abuse could be protected, the police endeavored to abolish it as far as possible, and would, perhaps, have succeeded, if the capital had not found examples and excuses in the court.

The king allowed Madame Dubarry to *amuse herself* by gambling. Many noblemen found a pharo-table a convenient augmentation to their income, and did not blush to introduce among their more respectable guests, sharpers, hired from gaming-houses, and dressed up for the occasion, who cheated the unwary players, and shared their profits with the Seigneur into whose house they were admitted.

Some years before the revolution, many gaming-houses were opened on a better organized and more dangerous plan. They multiplied in an incredible manner; and the police, finding it impossible to check the progress of the disorder, altered its system, and licenced the evil which it could not destroy.

The gaming-house of Madame St. Amaranthe was at that period one of the most fashionable. Frascati, the Hanoverian Pavilion, the Hotel de Richelieu, the coffe-house of la rue Grange-Bateliere, and a hundred others, carried on the same practices, under the feigned names of suppers, concerts, and masquerades. This last diabolical invention permitted women incognito to ruin their husbands incognito; placemen, merchants, and responsible agents, to

compromise their fortune without compromising their credit; and servants in masquerade to squander, without exciting attention, the sums previously stolen from their masters.

The Palais-Royal gradually became the centre of these dangerous establishments, to which public sanction was at length unblushingly given by the creation of a *board of play*, which extended, while it regulated, the mischief. The numerous branches of this establishment in every quarter of Paris, and throughout the whole of France, involve every class of society in its disastrous influence; its levies its contributions equally on the daily earnings of the labourer and the hereditary income of the nobleman, on the copper of the mechanic and the gold of the receiver-general.

The only independent house of this description, and at present the most in vogue, is *le Cercle des Etrangers*. The best society in Paris assembles here nightly. Noblemen and sharpers have here a common rendezvous, and the man of rank often plays with an individual whom, six months before, he would not have received as his footman. The stakes do not consist of the last earthly fortune of some miserable wretch who madly places his very existence on the throw of a die. They are those of wealth contending imprudently with fortune, in the hope of supporting an extravagant luxury, to which even princely fortunes are inadequate.

I pass by twenty others, and descend from *le Cercle des Etrangers* to No. 9, of the Palais-

Royal. This, if not the most respectable, may, at least, boast of being the gayest gaming-house in Paris. It is easier to describe this place of universal resort, than to mention the name by which it is designated. It has two avenues: the one, for novices, who pay twenty sous entrances; and the other, common to both the sharpers and their dupes, who are often deceived by this manœuvre. The variety of games multiplies the chances against the players. An apartment for dancing is fitted up contiguous to the gaming-room, for the amusement of those who are not over-scrupulous as to the characters of their fair partners.

This house is a general resort for strangers newly arrived, and fresh for the pleasures which they conceive Paris to afford; for officers with leave of absence, who wish to enjoy the delights of peace; and for gamblers of both sexes, who speculate on the credulity of some, and on the carelessness of others. Money is here lost and won with all imaginable gaiety. The women seek to increase their gains by the variety of games they engage in, till the chief sharper of the company pockets the winnings, and the fair gamblers, after losing their money at play, seek more certain profit in the amusements of the ball-room.

An adjacent apartment furnishes refreshments during the whole night to those who can afford to indulge their appetites from the profits acquired at play; while the poor wretches whom it has ruined, repose on the benches of the ball-

room, and are lulled into oblivion of their cares by the noise of cotillions and country dances.

The lowest and most depraved of the Parisian gaming-houses is No. 113. It is a kind of sink, which receives the dregs of all the others. It consists of three or four miserably furnished apartments; which, though spacious, are yet scarcely sufficient to contain the crowd of journeymen and artificers, who here loss their little earnings, the only resource of their starving families. The genius of gaming here stalks without a veil, in all the openness of its natural deformity. The sharpers, who direct and frequent this miserable mansion, present physiognomies varying in character, but all equally horrible. Villains of colossal stature and lowering brows, parade round the tables, whose ferocious looks seem to forbid in their victims even the expressions of their anguish, and are strikingly contrasted with the cold steady eye of the banker and his accomplices, who, equally deaf to the shouts of exultation and the cries of despair, gather up their winnings with the same indifference with which they pay the money they lose, which they know will soon return to them. The sentiment of loss is here pre-eminently dreadful; it is Misery disputing its last morsel with Avarice. Even joy has no charms; it is the respite of desperation.

My son, who looked over my shoulder while I was writing this, accused me of exaggeration in the awful description I have presented to my readers.

"No, my son," replied I: "this is not the declamation of an indignant moralist, nor the false coloring of any one who is apt to feel too deeply the miseries of his fellow creatures. I merely record facts of which there are daily examples. In the annals of a gaming-house you may find the causes of the various crimes that discolor society. The biography of sharpers will at the same time furnish you with the histories of most of the poor wretches whose crimes have led them to the scaffold. Cast your eye only on the catalogue of criminals, who have of late years chiefly engaged the public attention; Lepelley, Heluin, Cartier, l'Homond, Dautin, all have been dragged to death from crimes which originated in these accursed mansions. Innocence and vice are here connected by an almost invisible link; and he who is to-day a virtuous member of society, may to-morrow, through the machinations of a sharper, become a confirmed villain.

"Gaming is, of all others, the most dangerous and irremediable allurement that is held out to a youth on his entrance into society. Experience and satiety may wean a young man from other pleasures which carry misery in their train; gaming alone is a passion which is fed by an everlasting fuel; its very excesses fan, instead of quenching the flame: it excites desires as deep and dangerous in the breast of age, as of youth. By an extraordinary and unaccountable fatality, the first steps of this miserable passion are in most

" instances successful, as if fate took pleasure
" in strewing flowers on a path, which would be
" shunned by many, if a slight obstacle should,
" in the first instance, fortunately arise."

My son Victor, to whom I addressed these reflections, is intimately acquainted with a young officer, who was snatched from ruin, and cured of this fatal passion, by a terrible and impressive lesson. The father of this young man, whose name was Leon, had intrusted to me a kind of guardianship over his son, who served in one of the red companies of our army. I was charged, also with paying to him his quarterly allowance, which was fully adequate to the support of a moderate establishment. Leon, who was a very constant visitor at my house, was continually representing to me the necessity he labored under of keeping another horse and chaise. In my quality of guardian of his finances, I endeavored to persuade him that he could not by any means support this augmentation to his establishment, with a monthly income of 500 francs. He was at first perfectly satisfied with my calculation. But unfortunately, one of those mathematicians who are better versed in the chances of trente-un than in the table of Pythagoras, interposed his lessons, and proved in an unanswerable manner, that 500 francs per month contained the infallible elements of 30,000 livres per annum. At twenty years of age it is difficult to detect fallacies in an argument that accords with our inclinations. Leon resolved to make a trial of so advantageous a proposition. He played, and quickly

increased his little capital tenfold; nor did he in the least doubt, but that he should be able by these means to defray the expenses of his additional establishment. Affrighted at the account he gave me of his style of life, I called on him one morning, determined to use my best endeavors to snatch him from the abyss to which he was hastening. I found him and his mentor seated at a table, calculating the infallible chances of a *martingale:* Leon replied to my remonstrances by spreading his winnings on the table, and I easily discovered, that the best arguments would be futile, when they were to be opposed by others of so much more apparent weight.

I sincerely wished that Fortune would soon make him feel that reverse, which alone would give due weight to my remonstrances; and, that I might be a better judge of what was going on, I resolved to follow my giddy pupil to a gaming-house in the rue de * * *, to which he was accustomed to resort every evening. I gained an introduction through the medium of an old man who was in the habit of spending much of his time there, and who had paid dear for the respect that the gamesters manifested towards him. The room was crowded, and I entertained hopes of observing the conduct of Leon, without being perceived by him.

Stationed in an obscure corner, I marked his entrance. I saw him approach the mistress of the house, who received him with a great deal of affected cordiality. He conversed familiarly with her, leaning on the back of her chair till

the game in hand should be finished. When a new one was commenced, he took his seat beside the banker. I observed him attentively. An attendant speedily furnished him with cards, and a pin to mark his *tally*. The *croop* gave him the honor of the *cut*, and struck the table three times. The priests of the numerical god *trente-un* delivered their fatal oracles; Leon won considerably. The *martingale* did wonders. The gamesters crowded round him to compliment him; his skill and fortune were loudly praised by those amateur spectators, whose livelihood depends on the generosity of inexperienced winners. I did not think it politic to urge my remonstrances while he was thus flushed and inspirited by success; but anxious to see the effect of his victory, I returned the ensuing evening to the field of action, where I had every reason to believe that my pupil had passed the night.

I now found him seated near a female as handsome as it was possible that a gamestress could be. This lady was deeply interested in his game, and appeared to assist him in taking advantage of fortune, which, to judge by the pile of gold heaped up before him, continued to smile on his exertions. The banker waited until he had disposed of his acquisitions, before he pronounced those irrevocable words: *All is over, the game is done.* In the course of this stormy deal which I occasionally overlooked, I had left the table besieged by three ranks of gamesters, and, seated with my guide on an obscure bench, I considered successively the

most remarkable persons in this celebrated gaming-house.

"You see," said my guide, "that tall thin "man, with grey and scattered hair. Nature "had accorded to him her choicest gifts, an "engaging figure, an illustrious name, great "understanding, and benevolent propensities. "The passion for play has polluted his life "with an infamous action, which circumstances "rendered a most atrocious crime. During "that tremendous tyranny, when the prisons "were filled with victims devoted to the scaf- "fold, one of his relations, whom he loved "affectionately, was arrested. His destiny was "inevitable; he was about to be accused before "the revolutionary tribunal. M.——was in- "formed, that the fate of his friend could be "averted by the payment of 10,000 francs. He "possessed only a small portion of this sum; "he succeeded, however, at length, in procur- "ing it, and waited only for the arrival of "night, when he had appointed to go to the "prison, and pay the price of the liberty of his "friend. A fatal habit conducted him to the "gaming-table; he was impatient of the lan- "guid flight of time, he thought to relieve his "listlessness by staking a few crowns. To re- "gain an inconsiderable loss, he hazarded a "larger sum. Fortune persisted in her enmity; "a single stroke might repair his losses; he "risked it, and failed. His brain became in- "flamed; it wandered. The money of which "he was the depositary was already implicated; "that he might recover the whole, he exposed

" what still remained. His fortune, his honor, " the life of a beloved friend, hang on a single " card. The banker names it, and the decree " of destiny which pronounces his loss, con- " demns at once two victims, the one to death, " and the other to infamy.

" It is scarcely necessary to point out to you " that good-looking old man with white hair, " seated at one end of the table, of which he " performs so well the disgraceful honors. You " might have seen him twenty years ago aston- " ishing Paris with the splendor of his enter- " tainments, the excess of his luxury, and the " scandal of his intrigues. His fortune having " become the prey of sharpers, he has not blush- " ed to escape from his ignominious poverty, by " accepting the subaltern post at which you see " him stationed.

" Observe that bloated red-faced man, whose " cravat is negligently tied, and who now ap- " proaches the fire-place, saying, *Tout va au* " *rouleau*. He is the father of a family, former- " ly distinguished in an honorable profession: " his wife to whom he owes the fortune which " he has squandered is reduced to provide " for the maintenance of her four children " by cleaning shawls. He has come hither " to dissipate a sum which would have main- " tained them honorably for more than six " months."

The deep silence which prevailed around the table, instructed us, that an important crisis had arrived. We approached; the table was covered with gold and notes. Leon was at the

last stroke of his *martingale*. He had all his money staked on the black. The banker draws trente-un for that color: the red party is alarmed: trente-un again!—The most prudent gamblers withdrew one half of their stakes . . . *Make your play!* no cavern of robbers could be more tumultuous: the black and red parties express their fury in a thousand manners. Some hastily pace the saloon uttering loud curses, others dash the cards to the ground. These, oppressed to suffocation, wipe the drops of agony from their foreheads: those tear open their dress, and beat their breasts as in madness. No conception can be framed of the tortures of the damned, of the rage and writhing agony of hell, which such a moment in a gaming-house does not parallel. At last, the fatal decree is pronounced—the black party has lost, and all the gold of Leon is swept into the banker's basket. I followed him with my eyes.

One resource yet remained; he had a beautiful broach containing his mother's portrait set in diamonds, and a repeater, the chef-d'œuvre of Breguet. *Monsieur de la Chambre* lent him on these trinkets, the fifth part of their value, and this sum was in a moment added to the hoard of the bank. Leon, in despair, then addressed himself to a man of the most repulsive appearance, and retired with him to the recess of a window. My conductor acquainted me with the character of this personage, and I perceived that it was time to disclose myself. The effect was instantaneous. The wretched young man beheld me with astonishment, and burst

into tears. In such a moment all reprimand would have been misplaced; and doubtless it would have impressed a less salutary effect than the consolation which I had prepared for him, in restoring his broach and his watch, having previously arranged for their redemption with the attendant who had taken them in pledge.

We were on the point of departing, when we were thunderstruck by an unexpected event. The candles were suddenly extinguished. Nothing could be heard in the tumult but vociferations of *Stop them! fasten the doors.* The guard arrived; gendarmes took possession of the doors. The attendants, regardless of the fainting women, seized the money-chest: their ferocious looks seemed to accuse every spectator as an accomplice. The suspicions fell on some individuals more infamous than the rest, and among them one, with whom Leon confessed to me that he had connected himself the night before, and whom he had engaged to breakfast with him the next morning. At length we departed from this infernal scene. A man who had followed us out, exhibiting every mark of the profoundest agitation, pursued us through one of the walks of the garden, and addressing himself to Leon in a voice of which the accent will never be effaced from my remembrance, "Young man," he said, "remember well the "lesson which you are about to receive. Fif- "teen years have passed since I first entered "that house, and witnessed the suicide of a man "who sacrificed there at once his honor and

" his life. May the example by which I was not " corrected, produce a better effect on you!" He ceased, and by an instantaneous movement of his arm, which we had not time to arrest, the miserable man put a pistol in his mouth, and blew out his brains.

This terrible catastrophe, and the events by which it had been preceded, retained us in melancholy silence. Our old conductor consummated the horror with which we were overwhelmed, by pointing out to us in *la rue de Richelieu* an unwieldy coach, escorted by four gendarmes with naked sabres, and laden with the money chest of the gaming-house; and it is in this country, among the most civilized people in the world, that the public power protects so detestable a spoliation, that it takes under its safeguard an iniquitous treasure composed from the portion of wives, the property of children, the honor, the tears, and the blood of families!

No. XXXI.—*March 27, 1815.*

THE RETURN OF THE EMPEROR.

" Tanto major famæ sitis est quam
" Virtutis." *Juv. Sat. X.*

The thirst of fame exceeds the thirst of virtue.

This capital has, in one year, been twice the witness of one of those great events, which are usually so rare in occurrence, and succeed at the interval of centuries: the fall of a sovereign who had been raised by victory to the first throne of Europe, and at the restoration of an ancient dynasty which had been regretted during five and twenty years. No witness of the first of these events would have anticipated a counter-revolution, during the lives of his contemporaries. Napoleon appeared for ever lost to the empire, even while Europe still re-echoed with the sound of his name, and France was, as it were, covered with the fragments of his wreck.

The Bourbons appeared firmly fixed on the throne of their ancestors; the nation had been

suddenly awakened from its dreams of triumph and magnificence to a painful reality, and was obliged to submit to a state of tranquility forcibly imposed. It is not my intention to animadvert on the political causes which have once more brought about so violent a change in so extraordinary a manner; but without again encroaching on the rights of the historian, I shall proceed to fulfil the humble functions of an observer. A description, however imperfect, of the state of the capital in the month of March 1815, will be very interesting to posterity, and perhaps not totally useless to the present age.

The capital offered a calm but deceitful appearance during the first days of that month. The Parisians had formed their opinions on the congress, in which the French cabinet had played so petty and risible a part: coffee-house politicians had almost discontinued their daily arguments on the conferences of Vienna: the army, quartered in the provinces, forgot its triumps, and allowed, with apparent indifference, its ancient and victorious leaders to be superceded by the minions of the court. The priests saw only the seeds of still greater aggrandizement in their newly-acquired power, and did not sufficiently conceal the end towards which their labors were constantly directed. The courtiers were employed in re-establishing the barriers of etiquette and court ceremony; and the ministers, incapable of enlarged views, occupied themselves with petty intrigues. One employed every resource that his understanding afforded, in securing every possible advantage

to a foreign singer at the expense of his country-women. Another affirmed, that France was lost, were not an entire political reform introduced; which reform was to consist in the destruction of the University and the National Institute. A third, to whom Justice had confided her scales, actuated only by his personal interests, used his power as an instrument for his private partialities. The editors of our journals amused the vulgar by a newspaper war: one party insisting on absolute power being vested in the hands of the sovereign; and the other defending, either in earnest or in pretence, the constitutional charter. Such was the state of the public feeling and conduct when a hoarse and distant sound terrified the court, astonished Paris, and roused the army from its torpor.

All eyes were now turned towards the south of France, from which the storm appeared to threaten. A point was at first perceived on the verge of the horizon; but suddenly the meteor enlarged, advanced, and filled the whole space of the heavens. It was Napoleon! Seated on the rock which he had chosen for his assylum, he fixed his comprehensive glance upon the shore of that country of which he was once the sovereign; he measured the gulf which separated him from France he undertook to pass it, and seize once more the sceptre which had escaped from his grasp. He executed the project, the most daring that was ever conceived, at the head of six hundred veterans, the tried companions of his triumphs.

The news of his invasion was announced in Paris on Sunday the 5th of March; but whether terror froze the understandings and feelings of the court, or our pious monarch would not agitate his personal and worldly concerns on this consecrated day, both council and action on the subject were deferred till the morrow; though the unnecessary loss of an hour might precipitate a dynasty from the throne.

On Monday morning the news of this wonderful and inconceivable event escaped from the Tuileries, and was circulated in the capital, where it produced a various and indiscribably complicated impression. The *Moniteur*, on publishing the official account, represented it as an act of madness, which a few of the local military would easily suppress. All the court partisans affected the same language; some even pretended to treat the project with contempt. Alarm and hope prevailed in the different quarters of the city; the soldiers alone, when the enterprise was first announced to them, anticipated the success with which it was destined to be crowned.

Presently, the scenes which had been acted in the same month but a year before, were renewed. On the 7th, groups were formed in the gardens of the Tuileries and on the Boulevards: the coffee-houses were filled with news-mongers, who each produced his confidential letter, and read the official articles from the Moniteur in a loud voice, continually interrupted by the commentaries of the listners, in which the spirit of party began to manifest itself without

disguise. From that day, a considerable alteration was observed in the manners and address of the military; of which it was as easy to divine the cause as to foresee the effects.

The observers of petty details, from which weighty conclusions may frequently be drawn, perceived at this time that the ornament of the lily was become less frequent. It was known, that, for above six months, the soldiers, by a sort of presentiment or tacit convention, had given to the Emperor, in the recesses of the mess-room, the mysterious surname of *The Violet;* to which was attached the idea of *a return in spring*. This secret watchword presently assumed an exterior sign: a nosegay of violets among the citizens, and among the military the riband of the Legion negligently tied to the button-hole, were adopted as symbols of mutual recognition by the most zealous friends of Napoleon.

The government, after having raised in the journals a cry of alarm for which the public had not been prepared, adopted only such slight and inefficient measures as appeared dictated by the most perfect security. Grenoble had opened its gates to the Emperor, while the princes still deliberated on the best mode of defence; they did not appear to know, that, under the present circumstances, the distance was greater from the gulf of Juan to Grenoble, than from Grenoble to Paris.

As Napoleon advanced, the various feelings that agitated the metropolis appeared to concentrate themselves, and those interests of co-

alesce which differed so widely in the beginning. The hopes of one party, less expansive as they became more certain, manifested a prudent forbearance for the despair of the other; and this in its turns ought to deceive itself by placing an entire trust in the wishes and affections of the people, of which it imagined the crowd that daily assembled in the courts and terraces of the Tuileries presented the faithful type.

The departure of the Count d'Artois for Lyons had given a transient hope to the partisans of the king. His precipitate return filled them with terror. They felt, when too late, the necessity of calling the constitutional charter to their aid; that charter which, during the whole of the preceding year, had been delivered to the contempt of the court party and to the derision of the journals. The same absurd policy which had before banished the army from the person of the king, and confided it to a Swiss guard, now called together an humiliated and alienated military for the defence of their despised sovereign. None but a week and inexperienced ministry could have failed to foresee the event. The army of the emperor was augmented by every regiment sent out to oppose his progress.

Napoleon approached; and, in the confusion that bewildered the understandings of the public functionaries, rigorous measures were contemplated, equally repugnant to the justice and the benevolent disposition of the king. Lists of proscription were drawn up; and the govern-

ment threatened with unavailing severity the liberties of those citizens who put up their vows for the success of the Emperor, whose cause was not so much aided by an attachment to his person, as by a devocation, right or wrong, to the national glory and prosperity. One minister even went so far as to present to the two chambers, a project worthy of the revolutionary tribunals of 1793, and which was indignantly rejected.

Paris, during the last five days of this crisis, presented the singular spectacle of two proscribed parties, who equally sought guarantees against the political chances which each dreaded, and against which each wished to provide. One individual would now take refuge with another, to whom he had promised an asylum for the morrow. And among the various feelings to which an epoch of this nature gives rise, this change was peculiarly and honorably characterised by an unfailing confidence and generous attachment, that neither betrayed nor was suspected.

While the Princes were occupied in reviewing the royal volunteers, the last feeble resource of the falling monarchy, Napoleon approached the capital with rapid strides, after having traversed the whole extent of France without encountering a single obstacle, or having expended a single cartridge during his route.

All projects of resistance, even in la Vendee, were now destroyed. The Emperor was only two days journey from the capital. The

Princes quitted their office of reviewing, to prepare for flight. And from that moment, each determined on the part he was to act, and arranged his dress and countenance for the ensuing day.

A very just idea of courts and courtiers might have been formed at the celebration of mass in presence of the King, on Sunday the 19th of March. The chapel of the Tuileries, before too small to contain the brilliant crowd that followed the footsteps of their sovereign, now presented a vast solitude occupied only by a few faithful servants, who had still the courage to accompany their unfortunate master. The desertion of these unworthy favorites had a lively effect on the mind of the monarch. But, at least, he drew this useful conclusion from the desolation that presented itself, that not a moment was to be lost in withdrawing from the capital, and giving place to his successful rival.

The night of the 19th of March appeared tedious to the greater part of the citizens; and there were few whom the opposing passions of hope and fear, joy and regret, allowed to close their eyes and resign themselves to sleep. About six in the morning the cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* announced an event for which every one was prepared. The king, had withdrawn, and the tri-colored flag, which waved from the column of Victory, announced the new destiny of France. It is easy to imagine the cause that drew all Paris to the *Place du*

Carousel; the citizens came to contemplate that deserted palace which again opened its doors to the extraordinary individual who had been fifteen years its master.

No. XXXII.—*April* 4, 1815.

TABLE-TALK.

"Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animas hominum, et ad usus suos adjungere." *Cicero.*

The great art of prudence is to conciliate the esteem of men, and to convert it to our own advantage.

I know not how to denominate that violent and painful feeling, which, in revolutions, and in all great political crisises, destroys the social affections, and often breaks the ties of consanguinity. I am more embarrassed to name than to define it; for it is evidently composed of three very distinct elements, vanity,—fear,—and egotism, often decorated with the specious name of Patriotism. This last sentiment, after having been the dupe of the two others, always terminates in recalling us to self, and there concentrating us in the midst of regrets, recollections and hopes. When times become calmer, and the minds of men less agitated, old connexions are renewed, old habits are resumed, and the affections are gradually re-animated with

the security that gave them birth. Friends whom party spirit has separated, and who have scarcely exchanged salutations, meet, address each other with a little embarrassment, excuse themselves awkwardly for having been so long strangers, and conclude by appointing a day for dining together.

Of all the means of establishing, or re-establishing, intimacy among men, the table is the most effectual: the meeting is more immediate, the expression more lively, and the acknowledgment of injuries more easy. The ancients were better acquainted than we are with the advantages that might be drawn from it: and although the banquet of Plato and that of the seven wise men were, perhaps, not quite so amusing as a Parisian *petit souper*, it is probable that the guests reasoned more, and acquired greater instruction, if we may judge by the *Table-Talk* which the good Plutarch had preserved. In this book, which might certainly be abridged without detriment, the author has followed the example of Plato, in adopting the form of dialogue. This dramatic manner of bringing forward the persons who are to speak, of exposing characters by conversation, and thoughts by actions, is incontestably the most difficult; but it is at the same time the most *piquante*, the most true, and consequently the best suited to a description of table conversation.

My respect for antiquity, and my peculiar predilection for the prince of biographers, must not prevent me from confessing that *Ennui*

sometimes slides into his banquets among the other guests, especially when they make a display of erudition, and enter into prolix discussions concerning obsolete subjects, of which the truth is as unattainable as the knowledge is useless. I am ready to confess, that what Martial said of his epigrams, is equally applicable to the *bonmots*, maxims, and apophthegms of Plutarch. But we may easily excuse the faults of a work, which contains many thoughts like the following:

"Children have more need of guides for "reading than walking."

"The art of seasonable silence is a more "rare talent than that of eloquence."

"The foundations of a good old age are laid "in infancy."

"He who always affects to say as you say, "and to do as you do, is not your friend, he is "your shadow."

"The chameleon assumes all colors but "white; the parasite imitates every thing but "what is good."

Such maxims scattered through the conversation of the guests, give a high idea of their understandings. It is true that these people spoke one after another. If they had spoken, as we do, all together, they would have had little chance of being heard by posterity.

The habit of an evening repast is one which I have contracted from infancy, and which not even the despotism of fashion can force me to renounce. The old sea captain at whose man-

or-house I was educated,* was very fond of drinking; the commander of *Cederon* was very fond of talking; my adoptive aunt never slept better than when lulled by the buz of conversation; and for my part, I had all the requisites of a good auditor: I listened attentively, and I believed every thing I heard. Become, in my turn, the head of a family, my first care was to organize a little weekly supper of friends with whom I could converse at my ease, and among whom I could indemnify myself for the silence I had been constrained to observe with the commander.

The late events had suspended our weekly suppers; M. Moussinot was the first to complain of this, assuring me that something was wanting to his happiness since we had discontinued our meetings. As I am axious that nothing should be detracted from the happiness of M. Moussinot, who so generally contributes to our pleasures, I resumed my good habits, and my guests received an invitation for the second Thursday in April.

Madame Guillaume, to whom I allow the right of remonstrance, and who avails herself liberally of this permission in matters of domestic economy, very much wished that, in consequence of *the hardness of the times*, I should abstain from an expense which she exaggerated as much as possible. But I at length proved to her, that no times could be hard in France, but those of anarchy and despotism: that neither

* See the first number of the first volume of Paris Chit-Chat.

was to be dreaded under a strong and liberal government; and that the strength of government lay principally in public opinion, which was formed in private intercourse. These considerations of public interest, the relation between which, and that of a family, which touches her more nearly, I did not fail to point out, decided Madame Guillaume to commence the preparations of our supper with a good grace: though she malicously decorated the table with a combination of flowers which do not blow in the same season, and which cannot flourish together.

It is with real pleasure that we found ourselves once more assembled: Duterrier, Clenord, Dubuisson, Moussinot, and my cousin Freminville, who had just returned from accompanying the king to the frontier.

We were on the point of sitting down to table, when to our great astonishment, entered M. C. . . , an old conventionalist, and formerly my wife's guardian, who had retired to a little estate in Languedoc, which he now quitted, for the first time during twenty years, bringing with him the costume, the manners, and the sentiments of 1793. I invited him to partake of our supper, and without more ceremony he seated himself between Dubuisson and Freminville.

The sitting was opened by an invitation on the part of my wife (the useless repetition of which has not yet wearied her) to avoid every species of political discussion. Our guests prom-

ised compliance: we shall now see how they kept their words.

C....

Cities enjoy a most rare privilege: that of growing young in their old age. I can scarcely recognise Paris; streets, squares, monuments, quays, bridges—all new! It is the triumph of architecture.

CLENORD.

Certainly the arts were never in any age in a more flourishing state in France than they are at present.

C....

So much the worse. Free Rome was of mud; when enslaved, it was of marble. Fabricius did not inhabit a palace.

DUBUISSON.

You will at least agree that our good time was not the time of Fabricius.

C....

You must have Cæsars. But do you not blush at having transformed the celebrated *Place des Jacobins* into a market?

CLENORD.

It is only a market of another kind.

C . . . .

Your *rue de Rivoli* is built upon the ground which the National Convention once occupied.

CLENORD.

The remembrance of our follies is obliterated by that of our victories.

C . . . .

What has become of the sections, the committees, the clubs, all those monuments of the sovereignty of the people?

DUBUISSON.

A sovereignty never less respected than by the Jacobins themselves. I appeal to your own good faith, M. C . . . .

CLENORD.

I maintain that the *pure Royalists* tend towards the same end by a far more direct road.

FREMINVILLE.

What meaning do you attach to the appellation of *pure Royalist*, M. Clenord? For, party

spirit always begins with perverting the meaning of words.

CLENORD.

I understand, Sir, by that word, those little parish *seigneurs* who pretended still to have vassals, and to govern them by the feudal code of the thirteenth century.

FREMINVILLE.

That code was as good as another; and I do not know that the people found themselves more oppressed by it.

DUBUISSON.

If you confine the term People to the clergy, the nobility, and the rich——

FREMINVILLE.

They are the more elegant people at least.

DUTERRIER.

But not the most virtuous. The best citizens are those who, without offence to M. de Freminville, nourish, maintain, and defend the state by their arms and industry; who pay the quarter of their earnings, or their incomes, that persons like you and me, whose revenues arise from offices which we do not always fulfil, may

roll in a carriage through the streets of Paris, and have our names annually inserted in the Imperial Almanac.

C . . . .

Our republic maintained no such men: we gave both the precept and the example of a noble disinterestedness. I enjoyed, for the space of three years, the administration of the public revenue, and retired, possessed only of an income of a thousand crowns. I defy you to cite one example of such moderation among the superintendents of your kings.

CLENORD.

Neither did they proclaim "*Money on the public places.*"

C . . . .

We did not, indeed, make a rose-water revolution. We had an end in view, towards which we directed our steps with a firm and equal pace, and woe to the obstacles that opposed themselves in our route.

CLENORD.

It is true that you were as prodigal of your own lives as of ours; and if you had been permitted to proceed as you began, nothing would have been wanting in France but Frenchmen.

C . . . .

A nation is never in want of men. It is of liberty, equality, and glory, that it has most need.

MOUSSINOT.

You omit peace and security in your catalogue, gentlemen, which are, above all, necessary to us good citizens, who pay for being governed and defended. What is the partition of Poland to us? or whether Genoa be free or enslaved? or whether Saxony be governed by Peter or by Paul? or whether it be Ferdinand or Murat who reigns at the extremity of Italy?

C . . . .

People of your way of thinking, M. Moussinot, were denominated in my time, *moderes, suspects*, and *accapareurs;* I had denounced them to the Committee of Public Safety, and we should have ended by escorting them to the guillotine.

DUTERRIER.

It was certainly a most impolitic passion, to torment those quiet honest men who compose at least three fourths of a nation, and whose only fault is that of giving too narrow a meaning to the word Patriotism. Is it a crime in them to think that reign the most glorious, during which

they can sleep most tranquilly?—to know no military power but that of the gendarmerie, which protects them from thieves; no administration, but that of the police which superintends the lighting of the streets; or no commercial prosperity but that which allows them to buy sugar at 25 sous, and coffee at 30?

CLENORD.

I do not, at any rate, perceive, what harm there can be in informing that respectable class of which M. Moussinot is so able a representative, that, in a great empire, the national glory is the only firm basis of the public prosperity; which prosperity is in its ultimate analysis composed of the respective prosperity of individuals. I do not despair of convincing him that a favorable commercial treaty was never gained but through the medium of a victory; that colonies can never flourish but by means of a powerful navy; that a solid and durable peace can only be the fruit of conquest; and that the happiness of France can never be allied with the certainty, nor even the appearance, of humiliation.

DUTERRIER.

Add to this, that the revolution, in return for all the evils which it has caused, has left us the imperious necessity of a wisely regulated liberty, and of a government which can secure to us this blessing; no power can now gain the

supremacy in France which is not guaranteed by a free constitution, conformable to the wishes of the nation, and to the mental advancement of the age, of which it is impossible to arrest the progress.

FREMINVILLE.

And all this can only be gained under the dominion of Napoleon; for I perceive that this is the end towards which you are directing your arguments.

CLENORD.

Do not finish my thought: I will develope it myself: France, although awakened from her triumphs, will not consent to descend to that subaltern rank which was assigned to her under her kings. One man only can raise her from her fallen state. He reascends the throne only to aggrandize the nation, which again chooses him for its sovereign. He need do no more for his own or his country's glory; the sword of Marengo and of Austerlitz still glitters in his hand, but only for the protection of France.

FREMINVILLE.

An unjust aggression may force him to new victories; and who will check his triumphs in their progress? or who will dare place the barrier to his ambition?

CLENORD.

Do you forget the assemblies of the Champ-de-Mai, which are on the point of opening when we shall receive a constitution, which will irrevocably fix the duties of the prince and the rights of the nation?

C....

I am devoted to any form of government, whatever it may be, that will secure to us the public liberty.

FREMINVILLE.

Notwithstanding my old partiality for the Bourbon family, if I thought that Napoleon would indeed keep his word—— But it is impossible: I konw him well, and cannot depend upon him.

MOUSSINOT.

If the *droits reunis* be abolished, if the public taxes be not augmented, and if the regular payment of my income be secured to me, I am as ready as any one to cry *Vive l'Empereur!*

MADAME GUILLAUME.

Well, gentlemen, you promised not to engage in any political discussion: supper is now ended, and let me ask you, what has been the

sole subject of conversation? I have listened very attentively, and I perceive but one conclusion which I may draw from your arguments: that men may always be expected to agree in their conclusions when reason supports the dictates of their personal interest.

No. XXXIII.—*April* 18, 1815.

A FEMALE SUPPER-PARTY.

" Les lois Romaines ne permettaient aux femmes de parler qu'en presence de leurs maris: toute curiosite sur les affaires d' etat leur etait expressement de fendue: ces lois-la ne sont point en vigueur en France." *Palissot.*

Women were not permitted, by the Roman laws, to speak in the absence of their husbands; and all political discussions were expressly forbidden to them. These laws are not in force in France.

" WHAT are these preparations for supper, " Madame Guillaume? this is not my evening." " —No, Sir, but it is mine. You have a custom " of entertaining half a dozen of your friends " once every week; which transforms my apart- " ments into a club-room for political discus- " sion: you will have the goodness to permit, in " return, that I should now and then receive a " few of my friends, with whom I may converse " on subjects more interesting to women, and " less wearisome, I should conceive, to every " one."—" I understand you: you would re- " establish the mysteries of the *Bono dea.* Be-

" ware, at least, that no Clodius intrude. But " it is not my desire, believe me, of overlook- " ing your proceedings, that induces me to re- " quest permission to make one of your party " this evening."—" Our gossip will weary you. " But you owe me this revenge. I grant your " request with pleasure, and, be assured, with- " out the smallest particle of pity; for we shall " be all women."—" Your menace does not in " the least intimidate me, and you will see that " I am not altogether so misplaced in a compa- " ny of that description as you appear to think." " You then determine to pass two hours with- " out making or hearing a single allusion to " politics?"—" So much the more willingly as " I have no great opinion of female politics, if " you will permit me to say so."—" When I " consider the nonsense which the men talk, " when they enter on that subject, I do not see " on what premises they establish their exclu- " sive privilege: but be that as it may, we do " not envy them. The sole subjects of our con- " versation will be household affairs, children, " fashions, and dress."—" Seasoned by a little " scandal; and on this I reckon for my amuse- " ment."—As you please; I have warned you; " the rest is your own affair."

Concord is maintained between Madame Guillaume and myself, by a tacit agreement; an agreement which, although we have never entered into an explanation respecting it, is not the less faithfully observed; and this is more than can be said of many written compacts, upon which much discussion has been wasted,

and which have been sworn to with the utmost solemnity.

By virtue of this conjugal treaty, it is agreed that I shall be absolute master in my own house, and that I shall be invested with all the power which Moliere has decreed to the *cote de la barbe;* and that nevertheless, as some check to my absolute authority, I should submit it to the wishes of Madame Guillaume, which have the force of law in my house. From this balance of authority it results, that my family charter is purely nominal, and that my wife enjoys the actual sovereignty. I have often thought of proposing an *additional act*, which may, in some degree, modify our matrimonial constitution; but, after having maturely considered the full extent of my power, and of her obedience, I have thought it most prudent not to agitate the question of our reciprocal rights; and I determined to follow the example of more than one great King who enjoys that absolute power which I exercise, and whose ministers are content with the rights which I allow to Madame Guillaume.

After having delivered my monarchical commands concerning the supper which my wife had previously arranged, she, through the power she possesses over the detail of any arrangement, brought me the list of the company which she had invited.

The first name on the list was that of Madame de Courville, a pretty little woman of about eighteen years of age, married to a receiver-general, who leaves her at Paris with

her mother, without imposing on her any other obligation, than that of annually passing two months in his department, to do the honors of his station: during two other months of vacation her husband resides in Paris, but he so seldom quits the anti-chamber or the cabinet of the minister, that his wife is very rarely reminded of his existence. Courville economizes in the province, but he insists that Madame should live splendidly in Paris, and she conforms to his wishes with a docility that does honor to her character: she regularly gives three great dinners a week: the first, to those distinguished personages who patronize her husband; the second, to literati, after the example of the higher class of financiers, who believe themselves obliged to encourage the arts; and the third, to her fashionable acquaintance, whom she entertains with a grace and elegance that banish every idea of ostentation. As a good housewife, and to enable her to encounter the expenses of the winter, she passes the fine months of summer with a score of friends, who bury themselves with her in a castle about four leagues from Paris.

Madame Dubreton was the second name in the catalogue; a little *espiegle* of five-and-forty, but who does not appear more than forty by candlelight, and whose shape is so well preserved through the aid of her corset, that it requires female eyes to espy a little imperfection in her person, that envy only could magnify into a hunch. Madame Dubreton is an oracle in affairs of dress, in which she is so much the

better versed, as she has made it for the last thirty years the sole business of her life.

Madame Destillet, the wife of a rich merchant, is the merriest little creature that Heaven ever sent to enliven the world. Nothing is regular, either in her person, manners, or understanding; she is a medley that resembles nothing on earth: during one quarter of an hour, her conversation will have rambled to twenty different subjects; she advances a hundred contradictory propositions, and will rejoice and mourn at the same event in a breath; at the same moment and in the same phrase she will calumniate a character which she has just before extolled. No one can see her without wondering how one human head can contain such a constant succession of contradictory ideas, or, how a female heart of two-and-twenty can assemble so many inexplicable contrarieties. Madame Destillet is pretty, but her physiognomy is so changeable, that it is impossible to assign it a permanent character. Her eyes, which are by turns animated and languishing, sparkling and mild, vary with every expression she utters; and no more dependence can be placed upon her glance than upon her last word.

It is difficult to have more Gothic pretensions than Madame de Fonval, whose husband was, before the revolution, an advocate-general in one of the provincial courts. She now resides in Paris with all her family, and in character of a lady of the *ancienne robe*, she lives at the *Marais*, in an hotel which formerly belong-

ed to a president of parliament. She passed the time of the restoration, in the anti-chamber of the chancellor, soliciting the presidency of the Court of Cassation for her husband, which she believed herself able to obtain, when the revolution of the 20th March overturned all her hopes. Since this event, the place of judge in one of the inferior tribunals has been offered to M. de Fonval, which she considers an unpardonable insult, and feels a proper resentment against a government which can play with such just pretensions. Thus Madame de Fonval loudly declaims against the new order of things. Her house is a rendezvous for all the Belgic politicians; the official bulletins of the coalition are there fabricated, and the plan of the campaign arranged for the twelve hundred thousand men whose arrival in France is to restore the *simare* to M. de Fonval.

Madame de la Mesnardiere is the widow of an old officer of the wardrobe: she is afflicted with, at least, sixty years of age, and with a deafness that prevents her from regularly following the thread of conversation, but not from taking a very active part in it, and making occasional observations, generally foreign to the subject, which give rise to whimsical cross-purposes.

The sixth, and last, on the list of our guests, was Madame d'Amblemont, the wife of an officer of the old guard who followed the Emperor to the island of Elba. The irregularity of her beauty accords well with the independence of her spirit. Her manner a little too frank,

and her tone a little too haughty, are rather displeasing at first sight; but we are soon reconciled to modes of behavior which are graced by a cultivated understanding and a noble disposition.

Almost all these ladies arrived at the same time.

MADAME DE COURVILLE.

You have broken your word, my dear: you promised to admit no gentleman in our assembly.

MADAME GUILLAUME.

My husband requested me to make a single exception in his favor.

M. GUILLAUME.

I will retire, if these ladies demand the sacrifice.

MADAME DESTILLET.

O! no, Sir. The company of a gentleman can never spoil our amusement.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

I am so late, that I feared I should find you already at table. But I have not lost my time: I have just quitted my cousin the Countess of

Ancenille, and have brought from thence the declarations of the Congress.

These she insisted upon reading: I endeavored, in vain, to persuade her that the greater part of this news was falsified by its date, and that the rest entirely depended upon supposititious events which were not yet realized. "There are some people whom it is impossible "to convince," she at length remarked, putting her diplomatic papers into her ridicule.

MADAME DUBRETON.

Pardon me, my dear friend, that I come in such dishabille; I declare I almost look like an old women: but, indeed, I have passed a shocking night, and if I had not feared to disoblige you, I should not have quitted my house the whole day.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

Is it possible, Madame, to attend to one's toilette while the affairs of the nation——

MADAME DESTILLET.

Affairs of the nation! O my God!—what a subject to occupy one's thoughts! for my part, I neither can nor will understand any thing about them: the Congress, the allies, the enemy, are all one to me.

MADAME GUILLAUME.

Such reasoning is, in my opinion, very correct.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

These ladies do not appear to know that Paris is now being fortified.

MADAME DE COURVILLE.

How, Paris fortified! That is really shocking. Are those horrid Cossacks coming again, who frightened me so last year?

MADAME DE LA MESNARDI RE.

For my part, I shall see them with the same pleasure as I did last year.—Those poor Princes!

We were still laughing at this opposite remark, when Madame d'Amblemont entered. Her dress was simple; but she wore a large bouquet of violets, which very much scandalized Madame de Fonval.

MADAME GUILLAUME.

At length here you are, my dear Adelaide. How is the General?

MADAME D'AMBLEMONT.

Very well, my dear friend, but exceedingly busy, as you may well believe; he sets out the day after to-morrow for Valenciennes, where I intend to join him if war be actually resumed.

MADAME DE COURVILLE.

You have a great deal of courage, Madame; for my part, the very name of war makes me tremble.

MADAME D'AMBLEMONT.

Doubtless, you have lost some dear friend in battle?

MADAME DE COURVILLE.

My pretty house at Montferneuil was pillaged by those shocking Cossacks; the mere replacing of the glasses cost twenty thousand francs; I had nevertheless a protection from General Sacken.

MADAME D'AMBLEMONT.

Such slight misfortunes are forgotten when we are worthy to suffer more serious evils.

Supper was now announced, and we sat down to table. However good my faculty of observation may be, and however tenacious my

memory, I cannot flatter myself with having remembered the tenth part of the sprightly, frivolous, gay, serious, foolish or sensible things that occurred in a conversation of three hours, among seven women, differing so much in opinion, feeling, and character. I remember only that the supper concluded in a quarrel.

MADAME DUBRETON.

I am tired of politics, do not discuss them any longer, but let us talk of more interesting things.—Do you know, Madame de Courville, that that trimming of yours is the most elegant I ever beheld? You had it of Madame de Germont, did you not? Really, I must change my milliner, Leroi.

MADAME DE COURVILLE.

He has the first assortment of hats in all Paris, witness that of Madame d'Amblemont; it is the prettiest I have seen this season.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

The flowers, I should think, might have been better placed, and better chosen, if I may be permitted to say so.

MADAME DESTILLET.

How so? I know many ladies who do not like violets; they are an emblem of *the return*, are they not?

MADAME DE LA MESNARDIERE.

Are you talking of ladies on the decline?* that is a hint for us, Madame de Fonval.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

When people can only understand at cross purposes, it might be as well not to mingle in the conversation.

MADAME GUILLAUME.

Apropos, of *the return;* I fear but one, and that is of our dear allies.

MADAME D'AMBLEMONT.

Be assured they will never return hither.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

I would not promise any such thing.

MADAME DE COURVILLE.

What! will the little Colonel Oursikow come again? He made love to me so comically, sleeping every night on a stone bench, at the door of my hotel. He was really very amiable for a Tartar.

* Sur le *retour*.

MADAME D'AMBLEMONT.

For my part, I hold such people in the greatest detestation; and I cannot conceive how any one can speak of them without horror.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

It is easy to perceive, that the husband of this lady is one of those brave men who have brought back Bonaparte.

MADAME D'AMBLEMONT.

Pardon me, Madame; my husband is one of those brave men who never deserted him.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

An excellent reason, I must own, for detesting his enemies.

MADAME D'AMBLEMONT.

His enemies, Madame, are ours: they are the enemies of the whole French nation.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

Every one believes that his own party represents the rest of France.

MADAME D'AMBLEMONT.

My party is that of glory and of national liberty.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

In a word that of the people.

MADAME D'AMBLEMONT.

And yours Madame is probably that of the nobility? In which case, we shall both of us set an example of disinterestedness.

MADAME DE FONVAL.

May I entreat you, Madame, to explain yourself?

Madame Guillaume continually endeavored to change the conversation by speaking of theatres, marriages, court anecdotes, *the Magpie and the Maid*, and the *Hottentot Venus;* but all her attempts were frustrated. Politics incessantly returned; the argument grew warmer; one or two of the ladies began to be out of temper; repartees became epigrams; and the company separated, displeased with each other, and determined not to meet again until winter should have killed the flowers.

No. XXXIV.—*May* 3, 1815.

A NIGHT IN PARIS.

" Duplex libelli dos est : quod risum movet,
" Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet." *Phædr.*

A two-fold aim directs my page:
To mingle smiles with counsel sage.

I ENJOYED, as I sat at my window last Monday evening, a mild and tranquil pleasure, which is often felt without the mind being conscious of its own sensations. It was a lovely night: the air was calm, and the silent moon wandered in a cloudless sky. I was smoking a segar, and, like the viscount who amused himself with making circles in a pool, so did I amuse myself in watching the circles of smoke, as they issued from my segar, the fumes of which I inhaled with the gravity of a Dutch burgomaster. I saw, but I did not reflect on the objects before me. I felt only that I was alive.

My segar was finished, and I re-entered that social and political world, from which I had been absent for the last quarter of an hour: my thoughts were again in motion. Casting my eyes on the deserted street, which had been so crowded but a few hours ago, I called to my mind a description, bad enough in its kind, of a night in Paris, which Retif de la Bretonne introduces in the preface to his work of the *Contemporaines*, and suddenly the whim seized me of tracing a similar picture: I had a most excellent opportunity. The weather was fine: my family had already retired to rest; I was not in the least inclined to sleep. I quitted my apartment cautiously, remembering, with a sigh, those times, when such precautions were dictated by a different motive. When I came to the great door of the house, I had some trouble in awakening the portress to open it for me. At length she appeared, "in the undress of a beauty suddenly called from her repose." With one hand she turned the key, and with the other covered herself with a shawl, while I modestly averted my look; in the mean time muttering reproaches at my unseasonable disturbance: "A fine time of night this for going out!—Where the deuce can any one go so late? My God!—what a whim!"

At length I gained the street. I had not gone twenty steps before I repented of my purpose; but how could I return? I was not at all inclined to encounter a second time the ill-humor of the portress. I determined, therefore, to advance; and, as I had no particular project,

it was entirely indifferent to me which way I should pursue. I arrived at the end of la Rue de Provence, without having perceived a single creature; and I began to fear that the silent houses and deserted street would be the sole objects of contemplation in this nocturnal ramble. At length I heard a confused buz of voices, and turned my steps towards the place from which the sound proceeded. The cause of it was a quarrel between two hackney-coachmen, one of whom had conceived the design of feeding his horses at the expense of his companions, by stealing hay from their boxes while they slept, or amused themselves at a neighboring *cabaret:* by this stratagem he appropriated to his own use a part of that money confided to him by his master for the purpose of procuring food for the animals under his charge. The thief was caught in the fact, and did not escape merely with the blows which were bestowed upon him in the first anger of his associates, but he was compelled to refer the quarrel to a neighboring corn-chandler, whose shop was yet open, and who, seated on a sack of corn, gravely decided on the merits of the case, claiming a gill of brandy as the fee of his arbitration. "Well judged," said I to myself, as I quitted the wranglers; "if this affair had been carried "to a court of justice, the officers, the advocate, "and the judge would not have been content "with so slender a booty."

Not many steps from the fountain at the corner of la Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, I observed a patrole endeavoring to awake a man who was

quietly sleeping under an archway, in a manner which denoted that such a shelter was familiar to him. He was very angry at being thus disturbed; the patrole demanded his name: "My name is La Rifladiere," he haughtily replied, as he sat up; "I am an artist, and what "is more, a poet: I sleep here because it is my "pleasure, and I know of no law which forbids "a citizen from sleeping in the streets; on the "contrary, by virtue of the 5th article of the "*Acte Additionel*, which guarantees the indi-"vidual liberty of every Frenchman, I have a "right to continue my sleep." Saying this, he again settled himself to repose. I joined my remonstrances to those of the patrole, and endeavored to persuade him that he would sleep much more conveniently on the camp-bed at the corps-de-garde; but he exclaimed in a violent and angry tone, "How! dare you exercise "force? I protest against it as an illegal arrest: "leave me, for *I swear I will not quit this "place but at the point of the bayonet.*" The corporal of the patrole, an honest mercer of la Rue Montorgueil, believing himself already in the case forseen by our legislators on the responsibility of public functionaries, dared not interfere with this modern Diogenes, but left him to snore at his ease in the comfortable draft of the arch-way.

When I arrived at la Rue des Poulies, I perceived a short fat man before the door of a large house, laboring in vain for admission. I politely accosted him, and soon discovered that he had supped too well not to find his bed a

most inviting resting place. He was, he told me, the parish organist, and had been keeping the feast of St. Isidore with some of his friends. I never saw a more comic picture of vexation than this honest citizen exhibited on the bare idea of passing the night in the open air. He knocked violently; in vain endeavoring to awake the portress, who lodged in the sixth story, and whom he had forgotten to order to sit up for him. The poor man, overcome with despair, walked up and down, looking wistfully at the windows, and every now and then exerting his whole strength in vociferating the names of the lodgers in the house; who at length appeared at the windows, some laughing, and others swearing, at being called from their beds: a crowd collected, and the whole street was presently in a tumult. The oaths of the lodgers, and the anger of the poor organist, mingling with the barking of dogs, augmented the bustle, which at length awakened the portress, who descended in no very good humor, to open the door to the musician, sending him, in shrill accents, to the devil. By degrees quiet was restored to la Rue des Poulies, and I gradually lost the angry voice of the little fat organist, as he ascended towards the sixth story of the house.

I had now arrived opposite to the Oratory, when I was accosted by an infirm old woman, who was sobbing, and who requested me to direct her to the nearest apothecary's. We were not far from the laboratory of M. Cadet, to which I conducted her. On the way I learned,

that her master had been employed by a farmer-general, and had amassed a very tolerable fortune; his health had been so precarious for some time past, that he had invited two nephews of his to live with him: the old man was just seized with a fit of apoplexy, and the slightest delay in affording him the necessary remedies would certainly prove fatal: his two nephews had sent her, infirm as she was, and almost incapable of walking, to seek the requisite assistance, which would doubless arrive too late, while they were enjoying the prospect of speedily inheriting the fortune of their dying uncle. I placed the good woman in the hands of the favorite of Esculapius, and continued my route, secretly forming a wish that his assistance might be attended with success.

At the corner of la Rue Croix-de-Petits-Champs, I perceived a man in a night-cap and a loose dressing-gown, endeavoring, by the light of the moon, to distinguish the numbers of the houses. This honest citizen, whose grotesque figure it would have been impossible to have encountered in any other city in the world, was in quest of a midwife, of whose aid, he said, his young wife had the greatest need. His manner was rather tinctured with vanity, while he informed me, that he was on the verge of becoming a father; but his pleasure seemed mingled with a kind of wonder. I assisted him in his search, and we presently discovered the residence of the good woman, who did not keep us ten minutes while she adjusted her dress. The husband thanked me very cordially, and

appeared inclined to invite me to the baptism. We walked on together to the end of the street, and, as he returned home with the Lucina on his arm, we were joined by the old woman whom I had conducted to the laboratory, accompanied by the apothecary's boy, loaded with medicines. These were met, at the same moment, by two messengers, charged with very different missions: one brought word of the birth of a son to the good husband, and the other, who was himself one of the nephews of the old woman's master, came hastily to announce the death of his uncle, and to prevent the useless expense of the apothecary's visit.

I now approached the piazzas of the Palais-Royal, which still echoed with the noise of the orchestra of the *bal des Etrangers*, the immoderate laughter of the dancers, and the imprecations of the players. The sentinels walked up and down the long galleries with a measured pace, counting the quarters of the clock; while others of a less honorable profession, glided mysteriously about, carefully noting all they saw, or all they did not see, intent only on enlarging the report of the morrow. A bustle of voices attracted me towards the *Perron*, where I was witness to a furious dispute between a soldier and a student of surgery, concerning a fair *Helen*, who awaited, with the utmost indifference, the termination of a quarrel, of which she was to be the prize. The guard arrived with me on the field of battle, and put an end to the contention by taking the fair object of it into custody.

I departed from the Palais-Royal, and wandered for nearly half an hour about the adjacent streets, without encountering a single creature. As I approached the Square des Victoires I was accosted with, *Who goes there?* from the sentinel posted at the bank. I hastened to reply, *A friend, citizen;* but this did not content him, and I was commanded to advance. As I was sensible of the obedience due to such an order, I did not hesitate in submitting. I entered the guard-room, where ten or a dozen soldiers of the twelfth legion were seated round a table. The commander, who was sleeping on a bench, roused himself to question me: he demanded what business obliged me to wander about the streets of Paris at two o'clock in the morning? I replied, I was composing an article for a journal. This, although the truth, appeared an unseasonable joke to my interrogator, who commanded a soldier to conduct me to the prefecture of police, when fortunately I was recognised by my tailor, who arrived at this juncture to relieve watch, and I was set at liberty.

I was applauding, in my own mind, the zeal which the National Guard displayed for the safety of the citizens, when, at the corner of la Rue de Clery, two ill-looking men accosted me, desiring me to turn down another street. I demanded what right they possessed to prescribe my route to me, when one of them presented a pistol. Not contented with so forcible a reason, I exclaimed *Stop thief!* with a loud voice, and in an instant my two gentlemen ran off, giving at the same time the alarm to their associates,

who were endeavoring to break into the shop of a jeweller, and who instantly fled with the utmost precipitation. The instruments of their trade, an iron crow, a pick-lock, and a dark lantern, were left in the hurry of their departure. I thought myself obliged to inform the jeweller of the danger to which his property had been exposed. In an instant the whole house was alarmed, and a *commissaire* was sent for, whose arrival I did not think proper to await.

Following the same route which the thieves had taken, I encountered at the top of la Rue Montmartre, a species of *mud-lark*, whistling as he raked in the gutter, of which he followed the course, with a lantern in his hand. I asked him if he had perceived the rogues whose employment I had interrupted. He answered in a deliberate tone, that was none of his business; he gained his livelihood in his own manner, and left others to choose their employment, without troubling himself about them. "Your trade, "my friend," replied I, "I should not suppose "to be a very profitable one."—"I am sixty "years of age, Sir," said he: "you may per- "ceive therefore, that it is very possible to live "by it. It is true that I am also a porter: you "may inquire for me at the corner of the Rue "Montmartre: Joseph, No. 2077."—"You "have, then, always followed this trade?"— "No: when young, I was a footman; but as I "grew older, I felt independence to be neces- "sary for the dignity of man."—"But, surely "your poverty does not allow you much free- "dom?"—"And do the rich," replied he, "en

"joy more liberty? By means of my two trades "I have half of my time at my own disposal; "when I have done a good day's work, I sleep "during the night; and when I have acquired "a tolerable profit by my nightly labors, I pass "the day as it best pleases me."—"But what "can you earn by raking in the gutters?"—"Sometimes more, sometimes less. I find "money, or now and then a jewel, a ring, or a "bracelet: there is always something to be "found; it needs only a careful search." As I quitted this philosophical mud-lark, whose conversation had amused me extremely, I did not fail to recompense him for the time which I had caused him to lose.

But now the stars were nearly extinguished by the grey light of morning; the poor stall-women had already arrived, and had begun to prepare the breakfast of the early workmen. I turned my steps towards my home. A last adventure delayed me for a few minutes on the Italian Boulevard: at the corner of la Rue de ——(but I must be secret in such a tale,) I saw a young man scale the wall of a garden, and descend into the street. I did not exactly believe him to be a robber—at least he had communication with some inhabitant of the house, for I distinctly saw a pretty little hand extended towards him from the other side of the wall, which he kissed very respectfully. His carriage was waiting at the corner of la Rue Pelletier, and by the sleepy countenance of the servants and the impatience of the horses, I could

easily imagine that they had not passed the night in so agreeable a manner as their master.

I returned by break of day, and waited some time for the breakfast-hour; when the silence and accusing looks of Madame Guillaume would not allow me to doubt but that she was acquainted with my nocturnal walk. I did not make any explanation at the time; but I shall not fail to put into her hands to-morrow morning this account of my employment of the night of the first of May 1815.

No. XXXV.—*May* 10, 1815.

MORAL INCONSISTENCIES.

" —Facto pius est sceleratus eodem." *Ovid.*

A guilty, but an honorable man.

How many philosophers have passed their lives in endeavoring to discover the causes of that disorder which exists, as they affirm, in the material universe! How many ingenious but useless dissertations have been written on this subject! The incongruous dispositions of nature form an eternal subject of complaint; but no real discoveries have been made in any of these laborious disquisitions. The genius of man is confined to the observation of effects: he cannot penetrate the arcana of causation. But these observations do not equally apply to the moral and social world, which is an edifice erected by the hands of man himself. The individuals who compose the parts of the great whole may, with justice, pretend to criticise a plan which was the invention of their fellow-men. They possess an unequivocal right to

blame its errors, to insist on the alterations they may judge necessary, and to complain if they do not enjoy that degree of happiness and freedom which is the general birthright of their species.

I was formerly acquainted with an old captain of cavalry, who had quitted the service, and had passed above fifty years in a private station. The manners and opinions of this superannuated officer were extremely singular: it might almost have been imagined that he had sat as a model for the Eccentric Man of Destouches. There was a tincture of sarcasm and original wit in his conversation, that well accorded with the singularity of his appearance and manners. He had passed the eightieth year of his age, and was overwhelmed with infirmities; yet I eagerly sought his company during the intervals when the remission of his rheumatic attacks permitted him to pronounce a sentence without cutting it into two or three parts with the curses his pains extorted.

"My dear William," he would often say to me, "you are entering into society. You have "the choice of two alternatives: either to be "despicable in following the precepts of good "company, or despised in listening to the dic- "tates of your own reason and conscience. In "the first case, and with a knowledge of polite "behaviour, which is perfectly independent of "honor and honesty, you may aspire to consid- "eration and fortune. In the other, you must "expect to remain unknown with a great deal "of talent, to vegetate in some subaltern em-

" ployment, and to wear out your hat in saluta-
" tions which will not be returned. This is the
" present state of society, and the devil take
" me if I ever knew it otherwise. But the time
" will come, when old and infirm, with no other
" companions than your own thoughts, no
" amusements but your aches and medicines,
" you will be qualified to judge of yourself, and
" of that society, which will be to you a subject
" of honorable complaint or of disgraceful self-
" congratulation.

" I am sorry to say it, but this world is a
" great cavern, in which I have never met with
" any thing but knaves and fools. Laws, man-
" ners, customs, all are but various modifica-
" tions of stratagem and fraud.

" My life has been passed in a continual war-
" fare with my fellow-creatures: I would never
" consent to be either their accomplice or their
" dupe. But what have I gained by this? The
" knaves have tormented me; the fools have
" made me ashamed; the great have disdained
" me; and the women have laughed at me: and
" now I revenge myself of them all by telling
" them the truth."

A rheumatic pain interrupted the oration of the old misanthrope. He cursed physicians, and their pretended remedies; and his mind did not return to its usual equilibrium, till several medical applications had abated the intensity of his sufferings; then turning calmly towards me, the worthy veteran continued:

" Take, William," said he, putting a volume of manuscript into my hands, " this portion of

" my memoirs which I amuse my solitary hours " by recording. I have dedicated this tenth di- " vision of my work to the moral inconsisten- " cies that have fallen under my observation " during the last sixty years. These are for the " most part connected, in some way, with the " incidents of my life. My actions have been " continually subject to censure: I am called " eccentric, and I am content to bear that char- " acter; but I am also called a scoundrel, " which I think I am far from deserving; for " I swear to you, my friend, that in reflecting " on the incidents of my past life I can recal " but one action that I repent to have com- " mitted—but one which now calls a blush into " my cheeks, and in which, if I had to act my " part over again, I would conduct myself dif- " ferently."

I opened the manuscript, and turning over the leaves, I cast my eyes on the titles which he had placed at the head of each chapter. I smiled at the contradictions which they appeared to contain, which the old officer remarking, addressed me in a good-humoured tone: " Smile, if you please, my friend," said he: " your surprise does not in the least displease " me. The eccentricity which is said to char- " acterize me, renders me tolerably indifferent " to the derison of others." The first chapter that presented itself to my eyes was entitled, *Observations on the Marechaussee, the most honorable Corps in France.*

" The *Military Almanack*," said I, " does " not agree with you on that point."—" By

" God," replied he, " the *Military Almanack* " shall never regulate my opinions, and none " but fools will be influenced by its distinc- " tions. Listen to me, my friend," continued he, raising his voice, and his cheeks glowing with indignation: " I served in the *seven-years* " *war*, and being severely wounded in the un- " fortunate battle of Minden, I was obliged to " return home in the middle of the campaign. I " was encountered on my journey by four " marauders, who held a pistol to my head in " my post-chaise. Two horsemen of the *Mare-* " *chaussee* came up and attacked the robbers. " The combat proved fatal to one of my defend- " ers, while the others, whom my wound pre- " vented me from effectually assisting, over- " came our assailants, taking one prisoner, and " putting the rest to flight. And how were " these brave fellows rewarded? The widow of " the murdered horsemen received a gratuity " of about sixty francs from our government, and " would have sunk under her misfortunes, had " I not assisted her. I vainly endeavored to ob- " tain some lucrative post for his companion. I " was laughed at in all the offices.

" Indignant at such flagrant injustice, I en- " treated the colonel of my regiment to advance " him into the troop which he commanded; but " I was answered, that it was an unprecedented " act to advance a horseman of the Mare- " chaussee into a corps of dragoons. I was ex- " asperated, and in the fervor of my indigna- " tion I resigned my commission. The supe- " rior officer accepted my resignation con- " temptuously offering me a commission in the

" honorable corps of my defender."—" Honor-
" able?"—" Certainly: the most honorable in
" France. What real dignity is there in mili-
" tary distinctions, if they be refused to men on
" whose courage depends the safety of every
" class of society? During war they combat the
" enemy, repress marauders, maintain disci-
" pline among our own troops. During peace,
" while the army reposes in its garrisons, they
" alone are subject to unremitted toil, and to be
" continually watching over the public safety.
" What warfare can be more perilous than that
" which they are eternally waging on the fron-
" tiers and the highways against smugglers,
" thieves, assassins, and all those desperate
" enemies who have no alternative but victory
" or the scaffold? And what is their reward? A
" soldier, even in flight, falls nevertheless with
" glory, far from the field he has abandoned;
" and the bounty of the government is secured
" to his family: while the horseman of the
" Marechaussee dies without honor under the
" sword of the assassin, whom he pursues into
" the depths of the forest, and his children can
" scarcely obtain from the justice of society
" the price of the horse which carried their
" father to his grave. Such injustice and incon-
" sistencies must necessarily revolt the heart
" and understanding of every man who does not
" separate honor from public utility, and who
" has not bid an eternal farewell to common
" sense."

I listened to the oration of this warm-hearted veteran, and could not help confessing

the truth of his assertions. But, on observing the title of the next chapter, *The Fashionable Assassin*, "This is indeed," I exclaimed, "a strange title; I do not understand the asso- "ciation of the words."—"Nevertheless," said he, "that of the ideas they represent con- "tains nothing revolting to you or any one "else. May you never have the same cause as "I have for adopting my opinions!

"I had formerly a brother, considerably "younger than myself, the best-hearted crea- "ture in existence. He was insulted by one "Marquis d'Enjac, an officer in his regiment, "a tavern-swordsman, a retainer of a gaming- "ing-house, a fellow of a very equivocal cour- "age in the field. Challenged by my brother, "the Marquis refused to fight with the sword, a "weapon, in the use of which my brother was "nearly as expert as himself, and proposed "pistols to a young man who had never fired "one before in the course of his life. My brave "brother accepted this cowardly proposition, "and fell a victim to the superior skill of his "adversary. I was at that time quartered at "Lille; I immediately took post, and learned "on my arrival, that my brother had been as- "sassinated, in the full force of the word, by a "man who had derived a revenue, for fifteen "years, by snuffing a candle with a pistol-ball, "at the distance of thirty paces. I challenged "him with the sword: he refused. I prosecuted "him: he was acquitted. I met him one even- "ing at the corner of a street, and broke my "cane over his head and shoulders. From that

" moment I have been considered as the ag-
" gressor: I have been persecuted in courts of
" justice, and stigmatized in drawing-rooms,
" as the cowardly insulter of a gentleman. To
" re-establish myself in public opinion, I was
" obliged to fight two duels, in which I killed
" two rascals, and had a couple of eyelet-holes
" drilled through my own body. Am I, then, in
" the wrong, in entitling this chapter, *The*
" *Fashionable Assassin?*"

I had a few objections to make to his remarks; but, better pleased with listening to him than speaking myself, I begged him to explain the title of the next chapter, which appeared to me still more paradoxical than the preceding: *Consideration attached to the Dishonor of families.*

" The commentary on this text," replied my friend, " is not founded on any circumstance
" connected with my personal experience; but
" it is supported by a multitude of authentic
" anecdotes. You are acquainted with MM.
" Nevis, with d'Optal, and St. Blair. These
" are received in the most fashionable society:
" their acquaintance is every where courted;
" they give the ton in all elegant companies;
" and society has no distinction which is not
" lavished upon them; yet, if either justice or
" morality had arranged their destinies accord-
" ing to their deserts, they would long since
" have figured in an elevated situation, with an
" iron collar round each of their necks. The
" first of these gentleman murdered (for that is
" the correct expression, although others would

" regard his crime in a different light) a re-
" spectable lady, who could not survive the dis-
" honor of her daughter, a lovely girl, who,
" abandoned by her seducer, now mourns in
" solitude her own disgrace and the death of
" her inestimable parent. The second perform-
" ed a no less worthy exploit, when, under
" cover of a fire, of which he is suspected to
" have been himself the author, he carried off a
" young nun from her convent, whom he after-
" wards abandoned to poverty and misery.
" The third flourishes on the reputation of a
" *gay deceiver*, which he has acquired at the
" expense of the dishonor of innumerable fam-
" ilies. This grey-haired Lovelace has not
" found a Colonel Morgan to cut off the villain
" in his detestable career. Thus it is to live in
" a civilized country! This is the equity of our
" laws, and the refinement of our manners!
" Miserable jargon! A wretch, perishing with
" want, is sent to the dungeon or the gallows,
" for supplying his most urgent necessities from
" the superfluities of others. But the insidious
" villain who corrupts your children, and draws
" dishonor and misery on the heads of virtuous
" and confiding families—is courted, caressed,
" and honored by that society of which he is
" the scourge and the disgrace. We are many
" thousand degrees removed from the civiliza-
" tion of the Hottentots, among whom similar
" crimes would not pass an hour with impu-
" nity.

" I speak not of so trivial a fault as adultery:
" complaints on this subject are ridiculous,

"even in our courts of justice. Deceive women "—all is well: they deceive you in return. "Publish their dishonor—no matter: they are "proud of it. The husband is inconstant—"good: the wife follows his example. This is "all awkward enough; but the parties find their "account in it. But by what absurd inconsis-"tency, when all the wrong is on the side of "the wife, does all the ridicule fall on the hus-"band? Why does the injured party pay the "penalty? A faithless husband need never, in "these days, load his conscience with the tears "of his deserted wife: depend upon it, she will "revenge herself. And then what is your re-"source? You vainly endeavor to expose her, "vicious as she may be, to the contempt of so-"ciety: the greater part consider their in-"trigues as their highest honor. The injured "husband may challenge the disturber of his "peace, but the laughter of his friends will be "the only salve he will procure to the wounds "he may chance to receive:—*sic voluere mo-"res:* and this is called civilization!"

The indignat philippic of my gouty Demosthenes was interrupted by an exclamation which I could not avoid on reading the following title to one of his chapters: *Licensed Pickpockets; privileged Cut-throats.*

"I should have thought," observed my cynic, "that you would have needed no commentary "on so glaring a fact as the iniquity of gaming-"houses. Property is, next to the preservation "of life, the most important object in the con-"sideration of man. To ensure its peaceable

" enjoyment, we have laws, tribunals, prisons,
" bailiffs, and gibbets. The theft of a loaf from
" a baker conducts a man to the gollows: this
" is, perhaps, pushing justice a little too far:
" but the severity is in the laws, which all are
" interested in maintaining, and of which, there-
" fore, none have a right to complain. But to
" atone for the death of one miserable wretch,
" society licenses ten thousand thieves. There
" is a whole class of men carrying on a trade in
" the most public manner, the sole object of
" which is to pick the pockets of honest dupes,
" by means of little cubes of ivory and painted
" pieces of pasteboard. There are no less than
" three hundred gaming-houses, with a privi-
" lege from government to plunder strangers,
" ruin families, annihilate fortunes, and spread
" snares for folly and avarice. Sophisms are
" accumulated to prove the utility of this sys-
" tem of robbery in great cities: I have not ta-
" ken the trouble to answer them; but in this,
" at least, society revenges itself. Sharpers are
" authorized by our laws, but not by public
" opinion, and the riches they so fraudently ac-
" quire cannot preserve them from the con-
" tempt they merit. I wish it were so. But no!
" —these scoundrels walk on the same level
" with the rest of the world, and hold their
" heads as high. Their shameful industry dis-
" penses them from the necessity of rank,
" genius, learning, or talents, and their carriage
" rolls in triumph past the cart which conducts
" their dupe to the scaffold. Among an hun-
" dred terrible examples, I will cite one which

"I defy you to forget." At this moment my old misanthrope was interrupted by the entrance of his physician, which compelled him to postpone to a future opportunity the adventure he was preparing to relate.

No. XXXVI.—*May* 17, 1815.

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"—Hæ nugæ seria ducent
"In mala." *Hor.*

To serious ills these seeming trifles lead.

However much I may dislike neology, new words must sometimes be adopted or created, when the language in which we are writing does not afford an expression equivalent to our idea, at least without much circumlocution. This is, at present, my situation; I do not know any French term that sufficiently expresses the situation of a man deceived in a reasonable expectation; I hope, therefore, that I may be permitted to re-adopt a word, which the English originally borrowed from us with five or six thousand others, and for which Montaigne had a peculiar predilection.

I have always felicitated myself on a characteristic, which I believe I possess, of never see-

ing the end to which I would direct my exertions, without comprehending in the same glance, all the obstacles that may present themselves; and I continually con over that line of Ovid, which says,

Fallitur augurio, spes bona sæpe suo.*

Our hopes may often prove our only pleasures, if we accustom ourselves never to look but on the fair side of the question.

Scapin always appeared to me to take the best view of the affair, when he *thanked Heaven for all the misfortunes that had not happened to him.* Those who are resolved to see only the favorable probabilities that attend their hopes, continually expose themselves to the pain naturally arising from their miscalculation; and thus, slight accidents may become real misfortunes.

In the number of those who are subject to these disappointments, there are some who appear to be obstinately pursued by a malevolent fatality. I once knew one of these unlucky individuals who had passed sixty years with the prospect of good fortune continually before his eyes, without having been able to attain the possession.

This man, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Dumont, was the son of an old porter of the hotel *des Affaires Etrangeres.* Having M. d'Argenson for his god-father, this minister

* A reasonable hope is often deceived in its results.

bestowed considerable pains on his education, and when he grew up, advanced him to the situation of his private secretary. The most brilliant prospects were opened to young Dumont; and he had just been appointed *Charge d'affaires* to a small German court, when a state intrigue forced his protector to resign. The next day Dumont presented himself at the levee of the new minister, to receive his credentials. Unfortunately, his fallen patron had not signed them the evening before, and the chief clerk found it more convenient to dispose of them in favor of a creature of M. de Puisieux. Poor Dumont was, as you may imagine, bitterly disappointed. When he received his dismission, instead of the credentials which he sought, he nevertheless bore it with good grace, and departed the same day to join the Abbe de la Ville, ambassador to the Hague, whose favor he had acquired by a signal service which he had rendered to him in his time of prosperity.

Dumont undertook this journey with the glowing expectations of five-and-twenty, and an experience of four years in his favor. He did not in the least doubt, but that His Excellency, who honored him with the title of his friend, would receive him in the most cordial manner, and return the zealous service he had himself received on a somewhat similar occasion. "The Abbe," said he to himself, "is favored by the new ministry, and will find no "difficulty in procuring me a lucrative situation in some Dutch office in the East-Indies: "in a diplomatic career, the obscurity of my

" name would always have been an obstacle to " my advancement. The commercial line, in " which I now embark, is free from the objec- " tion. In a few years I shall realize an im- " mense fortune; I shall probably marry a rich " Columbian or Batavian heiress, and shall not " have passed my thirtieth year, when I shall " return to Paris to enjoy an income of about a " hundred thousand crowns per annum, with " which I shall have the good sense to content " myself." He arrived at the Hague, indulging these pleasant speculations, and alighted at the door of the Ambassador's hotel at the same time with the courier who brought dispatches from the new minister.

His Excellency was at dinner; and as this was, in his opinion, the most important affair of human life, no other business was allowed to intrude till it was over. The dispatches were therefore put into his desk, and this delay afforded Dumont an opportunity of enjoying many marks of regard from his honorable friend, who presented him in the most gracious manner to his guests, as a young man of the greatest promise, who would not fail to arrive at the most honorable situation, which more certainly awaited him through the splendor of his talents, than through the favor of the minister who patronized him. When coffee was served, the dispatches were read. M. d'Argenson had ceased to be minister, and from that time his protege, the hope of French diplomacy, was scarcely judged worthy of the place of clerk in a merchant-ship, which he obtained, after a de-

lay of four months, from a Dutch ship-owner, whom he had met at the table of the Abbe.

His excellent qualities won the friendship of the captain, who renewed his favorable prospects, by promising him a good situation in the house of his commercial owners at Negapatam. On their arrival, they heard that the firm had become bankrupts but a few days before, and had been obliged to fly to Bengal.

Dumont, deserted and friendless, in an Indian city, found that the best thing he could do would be to procure the means for his return to France as speedily as possible; where, notwithstanding the insolence of clerks and the ingratitude of ambassadors, he had better hopes of advancement than on the coast of Coromandel. The war of 1756 had commenced, a privateer was about to return from Pondicherry to France, the captain of which offered to take Dumont on board, promising him a thousand louis as his share, on the capture of any considerable prize. He embarked, without being inspired by very sanguine hopes from a promise, the realization of which entirely depended on chance; but, at least, certain of soon revisiting his native country. Almost in sight of the European coasts, they fell in with an English vessel, richly laden: the privateer had the wind in his favor, he pursued the English ship, came up to it, attacked it and forced it to surrender; boats were launched, and the vessel was seized: the cargo was valued at between fifteen and eighteen hundred thousand francs. Dumont claimed his promised share, and indulged him-

self in pleasing speculations concerning the manner of turning this money to the best advantage. These agreeable thoughts were interrupted by a tempest, which raged violently, and, at length, drove the privateer and her prize on the English coast; they were forced to take refuge in the port of Plymouth, where they, in their turn, were boarded, and the cargo confiscated. Poor Dumont, thus cruelly disappointed, was confined more than four months on board a prison-ship, till he was liberated by an exchange of prisoners.

On his return to Paris, much poorer than when he quitted it, he continued the dupe of the coquetry of Fortune, who amused herself with continually frustrating his hopes at the very moment of their realization. He married; but this proved the most bitter and irretrievable of all his disappointments: death, at length, relieved him from his cares, through a disease, which he had been assured by his physicians was entirely cured.

Such a series of unlucky events may well entitle the sufferer to the denomination of unfortunate. Disappointments are, correctly speaking, the misfortunes of the happy. They are such most particularly, as almost invariably provoke laughter, instead of exciting sympathy. That man, who has really nothing to desire, but who, nevertheless, afflicts himself on every little cross accident, is a truly comic character; and I am surprised that no comic author has yet brought him on the stage.

D'Etange is exactly one of this kind of men. He was born to a large fortune, which his grand-father had acquired, and his father considerably augmented: he is scarcely more than forty years of age; and enjoys good health, and an honorable reputation, which need not be too nicely scrutinized. Add to this, that he is of an economical habit, and is, therefore, never tempted to exceed his income; that he is of a frigid unfeeling disposition, and, therefore, is never afflicted by the misfortunes of others; and that he has a singularly good digestion. It must be supposed that such a man could have no subject for complaint, and yet he is the most miserable of all fortunate men, thanks to the disappointments which he is continually doomed to suffer, and which he bears with the greatest possible impatience.

D'Etange has improved to a remarkable degree the faculty of gluttony, for which he was originally greatly indebted to nature; and, as he has a very choice table, he would generally dine at home, if he did not find it more to his advantage to visit the houses of his friends, after having, however, assured himself beforehand, that he should meet with as rare dishes as he takes care to provide at his own home. To seat him to a bad dinner is the most unpardonable fault that can be committed against him, as one of his cousins has lately found. D'Etange had been invited to dine at the house of this relation, a fortnight beforehand, and he had been promised a carp from the Rhine, trout from the lake of Geneva, and, above all, a

tureen of turtle. He lived for the whole fortnight on the expectation of so excellent a repast; but, unfortunately, his card of invitation was accidentally misdated, and he did not arrive till the day after the feast. The poor man was obliged to put up with the family dinner, which so displeased him, that he would not speak to his cousin for three months afterwards.

In the last election, d'Etange, who looked forward to a peerage, thought that in the mean time he ought to become a deputy. Not that he attached any idea to the expressions of *patriotism* or *citizen*, or troubled himself about the *rights* of the nation, the interests of the state, or the royal prerogative; but he feared, he said, to disappoint the wishes of his department by refusing to become a candidate. He repaired to the place of election, and gave dinners to the electors; but on examining the ballot-glasses, he was found to have obtained only three votes: his disappointed ambition has made him a republican.

Experience brings with it a long train of disappointments. The reality of things never comes up to the ideas previously conceived. *Is this all?* is almost always the exclamation of youth on the first sight of any thing new. This arises from a mistaken plan of education, which cultivates the imagination, while the judgment is yet unformed. But I shall wander too far from my subject, if I attempt to develope this idea by examples.

There are disappointments, to which youth is attempted to give a more serious name. Ed-

mund has, after infinite solicitation, obtained the promise of a quarter of an hour's private conversation from the beauty whom he adores. The intervening week is too short for the dream to which his hopes give rise. At length, the long-wished-for day arrives; all possible obstacles are foreseen and avoided; all the necessary precautions are taken: the hour is come, he flies to the place of rendezvous. He escapes twenty teasing acquaintance, who would detain him by their vexatious trifling. He at length reaches the house. His heart beats, and his hand trembles, as he lifts the knocker. The door is opened, he rushes up stairs, he enters the room—O cruel disappointment! an unlucky accident has detained at home a father, or an uncle, or a husband: and this is the reception prepared for the unfortunate Edmund; and the dream which has occupied his imagination for eight days, ends in a game of piquet with a sick old man.

The disappointment most fatal in its consequences, and most comic in its circumstances, is an ill-assorted marriage, where the parties are voluntarily and mutually deceived. Nothing can be more laughable than the scenes that pass the day after such an union. The husband had consoled himself for the ugliness of his bride, by the prospect of her fortune, and the lady excused the age and defects of her husband when she reflected on his rank, and the splendor of his name. Each thought to have shown the greatest degree of confidence in the other, as both were equally in need of it for them-

selves. An explanation at length takes place. One possesses only the income of a fortune during the minority of her children, who are already grown up; and the other has only a title, which he is soon to lose, and a name, which he unfortunately will continue to possess. Both perceive, but too late, the folly of their conduct, and their disappointment becomes their punishment.

Literary disappointments have also their risible side. How many have speculated on the success of an ode, in which the name of the applauded hero unfortunately rhymes at the end of every stanza! how many creditors have been disappointed in the success of a play, the profits of which the author had assigned for the payment of their claims!

In the list of these customary disappointments I must not forget those of the readers of journals, to whom I fear I may have furnished in this article both the precept and the example.

No. XXXVII.—*May* 21, 1815.

THE INTRIGUERS.

"Ne descendons jamais dans de laches intrigues;
"N'allons pas aux honneurs par de honteuses brigues."
Piron. Metrom.

By no mean tricks aspire to fame,
Nor urge with base intrigues thy aim.

Among the vices from which savage states are totally exempt, intrigue is one of which they could not, by any means, suspect the existence. I possess a polyglot vocabulary of almost all the American dialects, and I cannot discover in it a single word to give the faintest idea of our word Intriguer. If an inhabitant of the banks of the Missouri were informed, by means of circumlocution, that there exists a numerous class of individuals in Europe, capable of obtaining, through address, those honors which ought only to be awarded to talent and virtue: who have reduced the arts of deception and falsehood to a principle of con-

duct; who speculate on the credulity and good faith of others; and who can prove, in contradiction of the mathematical axiom, that a curve is the shortest possible line for arriving at a desired end; that, by means of this intrigue, poverty is speedily exchanged for wealth, contempt for profound respect, and a hovel for a palace; that adepts in this art frequently overleap at one bound the interval which separates the soldier's tent from the general's, or the booth of the Boulevards from the Comedie-Francaise: if a native of these wilds were informed, that intrigue levels all obstacles, oversteps all distances, dispenses with rank, and opens all doors before it, from the hall of a country justice, to the levee of the sovereign, from the Athenæum to the Institute; the savage, astounded by such prodigies, would, doubtless, desire to be initiated in the mysteries of this wonder-working science. But if he were also informed, that the first steps towards the knowledge of this art are attended with a remorse and shame, that would pursue him through life: if he were told that every fresh triumph must be purchased by an act of injustice or infamy; that the adept must learn to sacrifice, on occasion, his country, his friends, and his family; that he must be patient under the insults to which he would be continually subject, and silent under contempt; that his character must be capable of every impression, and sometimes even assume the appearance of virtue; that he must studiously grovel between the caprices of the elevated, and those of the vulgar; and, if

he should chance to be trodden upon, must kiss the foot that crushes him; I am convinced that the inhabitant of the woods, although a palace were offered as the price of his endeavors, would quickly desire to return to his cabin and his wilds, the only asylum to which intrigue can find no entrance. Her empire extends over Europe, and her chief residences are Paris and London.

I am a great friend to the diffusion of light (I mean light which shines and does not burn.) I believe also in the advancement of the human race (but not in its indefinite perfectibility; for I see insurmountable boundaries on every side:) and, in consequence of my entertaining such opinions, I am loth to confess that the odious vice of intrigue is entirely owing to the progress of civilization.

The revolution, while it established, at least in theory, a sort of equality of rights among citizens, opened a wider field for emulation. Intrigue took advantage of this. In my time it was nearly impossible for an individual, whatever might be his merit, to overcome the obstacles which his condition had put in the way of his advancement. In entering on his career he saw the whole prospect of his fortunes, and the point at which his exertions must ultimately terminate. His ambition of course, was bounded to the wish of arriving at that end as speedily as possible. It never entered into the imagination of a pleader in the court at Montpellier, that he might become the Chancellor of France. A bailiff of the Chatelet had no

expectation of becoming the first president; and, notwithstanding the examples of Catinat and of Fabert, I do not suppose that a common soldier would have entertained a hope, at that time, of arriving at the rank of a *Marshal*. At present, merit has access to all employments, all honors, all dignities; and if, since the destruction of those insurmountable obstacles, virtue do not always attain the post to which it aspires, it is because it is easier to destroy ancient prejudices than to overcome the influence of intrigue.

I owe this last reflection to an old encyclopedist of the name of d'Angeville, a neighbor of mine, with whom I have often discussed the question on which I am at present engaged.

"Intriguers," said he to me, "may be divided into four distinct classes: *intriguers for wealth*, *literary intriguers*, *court intriguers* and *political intriguers*. All of these have their prototypes, whom I will endeavor to delineate, by showing the point from which they started, and that at which they have arrived, without pretending to indicate the road by which they passed. For it is with this kind of people, as with those rivulets which we perceive to lose themselves at a short distance from their sources, and which, through subterranean passages, where it is impossible to follow them, at length reappear, after the interval of several leagues, with all the tumult and majesty of a large river.

" You have heard me speak, more than once, " of the fat Gerneval: this man is worth at " least five millions of francs. How came he " by this immense fortune? he did not inherit " it. His father, who was a hair-dresser at " Brest, near the hotel of the marine guards, " was the richest of the family. With a dis- " gustingly disagreeable person, without man- " ners, without talents, it cannot be supposed " that the favor of the ladies has been the step- " ping-stone of his advancement. Destitute of " of every species of understanding, even for " business, he could not have found any con- " siderable resources in his own industry, for of " that he is utterly incapable. What then has " he done? He has intrigued. After having " speculated upon assignats for a considerable " time, and gained a hundred thousand francs " upon the alimonies of the renters, when they " were reduced to the consolidated thirds, he " became the *man of straw* of a contractor, and " took on himself, and suffered for, a discover- " ed fraud of his master, whom, on quitting " prison, he compelled to share with him the " profits of an affair in which he had run all the " risks.

" This little adventure caused him to absent " himself for a short time from the financial " world: when he again appeared, he brought " with him a project, the execution of which " shook the credit of some of the greatest com- " mercial houses in France. Three millions re- " mained in his hands as pledges, he said, for " his just demands upon government, which, in

" return, declared him its debtor for twice the " sum. In a period of public difficulty, he ac- " commodated this affair by lending several " millions to government, contenting himself " for security with some thousand acres of " forest-land, which he sold to great profit. I " know no more of his proceedings, but it is " easy to judge of them by their commence- " ment.

" There are so many roads to wealth, that a " blind man might easily stumble on one; the " good fortune of Gerneval, therefore, aston- " ishes me less than that of Favigny, who prides " himself, in so comic a manner, on the honors " to which he has arrived by means of a pro- " fession which is much improved of late years, " under the name of *literary intrigue*. It is this " which makes reputations, distributes places, " and assigns the ranks of merit! In these days, " the object of authors is not to produce works " that deserve praise, but to obtain it by facti- " tious suffrages. Eulogies are begged or pur- " chased in the periodical journals: failure is " converted into success, success aspires to the " merits of a triumph. Does a play sink under " the hisses of the audience? the friendly jour- " nalist consoles the author by citing the exam- " ples of the failure of *Phedre* and the *Misan- " thrope*. If a poem or a pamphlet is presented " at the Academy, in twenty-four hours after- " wards a critique is published, in which the " venal eulogist descants on the rising talent " of the author. Impudence is the foundation " of many reputations; and it is thus that Fa-

" vigny has obtained his. If this man had im-
" itated *the prudent silence of Conrade*, we
" might have given him credit for hidden merit;
" but you may read his prose and hear his
" verse, and have a good right to demand by
" what miracle of intrigue wings so clipt could
" soar so high.

" A court is the natural element of intrigue;
" but as it succeeds but ill under its vulgar
" appellation, it is now dignified by the name
" of ambition. The crowd of court intriguers is
" so great, that they appear like an army of
" soldiers who cannot obtain the necessary
" space for the exercise of their arms. The
" immovable d'Azeroles has, however, distin-
" guished himself among them for the last fifty
" years. In vain have so many revolutions suc-
" ceeded to one another, in vain our palaces
" have so often changed their masters—he has
" constantly remained faithful to the Tuileries:
" there, at his post, with his sword at his side,
" and with his eye and ear ever on the watch,
" no one enters whom he does not follow, no
" one departs whom he does not assist in turn-
" ing out. His head is always full of snares,
" with which he may strew the paths of his
" rivals, to whom he never fails to pay a visit
" of condolence on their falling into his traps.
" Many wagers are laid, that d'Azeroles will
" die, either in ascending or descending the
" great stair-case.

" Political intriguers are entirely of modern
" creation; they originated with the represent-
" ative government, whose vivifying light, like

" that of the sun, unfortunately creates a crowd " of insects that obscure its brilliancy. I have " been present at all the electorial assemblies " which have been held in my department " since the year 1789, and am just come from " the last elections which have taken place in " the college which I am a member. What a " focus of intrigues and under-hand plots! how " many promises have been given, which will " never be performed! how much bad faith, " prejudice, or carelessness, in the exercise of " the noblest rights of a citizen! Some other " time I will attempt to describe to you an elec- " torial assembly; but I will, at present, con- " fine myself to a short account of one of those " men who have figured for the last twenty " years in our political assembles without the " knowledge of their electors themselves, who " continually re-elect them, and are always " astonished when they find them to be mem- " bers.

" M. Dufresny, a gentleman or a plebeian ac- " cording to the time and circumstance, was an " inhabitant of Provence in the year 1789, and " made a part of the Assembly, in which Mira- " beau was elected deputy of the *Tiers-etat*. " The credit of this latter caused Dufresny to " be nominated an assistant in the Constituent " Assembly. Without any species of educa- " tion or learning, he possessed a good memory " and a pleasing address; and he often served " Mirabeau, by venturing to bring forward " propositions, which the latter wished either " to support or oppose. By means of the care

" he took to have his name always joined in the " journals with that of this great orator, he pro- " cured himself a place in the National Con- " vention. He managed to conceal himself in " obscure committees till the 9th Thermidor, " when he presented himself as one of the ac- " cusers of Robespierre. He had foreseen the " fortune of a certain famous Director, to whose " party he remained faithful till the 18th Bru- " maire. But his foresight could not enable " him to guess the issue of that day; according- " ly he passed the night of the 17th, in having " two addresses written under his own eye to " the French people; the one in favor of the " Director, the other in honor of the General. " He caused this last to be printed on the re- " turn from St. Cloud, and was recompensed " by a nomination to the tribunal. His pam- " phlet on the consulate for life, for the com- " position of which he paid a certain literary " contractor very liberally, conducted him to " the *conseil d'etat*, where he was grieved, " that he had only one vote to give on the " question of the establishment of the *Empire*.

" Chance, (if chance may have any share in " the history of an able intriguer) caused him, " in 1814, to be dispatched on a mission into " one of the southern provinces, where he was " the first to display the white flag. Happy in " having it in his power to give to his prince a " proof of the entire devotion which he had " been forced to repress for the last five and " twenty years, he solicited and obtained, as " the price of his services, an extraordinary

"mission, which put it in his power to be the "first to felicitate Napoleon on his fortunate "re-appearance."

I allowod my old Encyclopedist to harangue without any interruption. He is a philosopher in the true acceptation of the word. He loves his prince, his country, and liberty, with equal ardor, and knows no patriotism but in the union of these noble sentiments.

No. XXXVIII.—*May* 25, 1815.

THE DUPES.

"Nostrapte culpa facimus, ut malis expediat esse,
"Dum nimium dici nos bonos studemus et benignos."
Ter. Phor. Act. 5.

It is by our own fault that knaves are encouraged, while we study too much the semblance of benignity.

Dupes gradually diminish with the progress of civilization, and we need not despair of one day seeing a new order of things, when society will be so entirely composed of knaves, that, each being continually on his guard against his neighbor, a system of constant suspicion and reciprocal watchfulness will be the result: a state of perfect corruption, in which individual security will be guaranteed by the general bad faith. Our present manners do not yet allow of this advantage; for intrigue and address can still find a few honest men credulous enough to be duped by their designs.

Such a perfection is difficult of attainment, but we shall, one day, arrive at it; we already make a very sensible progress towards it, and villany (I must be pardoned this word, which is a little severe) is even now in a state of great perfectibility, especially since it has been admitted into respectable society under the name of intrigue. Those who make the art of deceiving others a profitable profession to themselves, assume, in the exercise of their functions, a polite gloss in their manners, a cultivated gallantry, and a gentleness and elegance in their demeanor, which, to one who is no longer their dupe, renders their society exceedingly agreeable. These manœuvres do not esteem you the less for having been deceived by them, and your acquaintance with them must commonly commence by an exercise of deception on their parts: it is a tribute which they consider as their due. But if you continue in their shackles, you become ridiculous; for, by a strange inconsistency in our manners, the name of dupe, in France, is almost synonymous to that of fool.

I had, on my arrival in Paris, every necessary quality for the acquirement of this double reputation. Old recollections of what was denominated, forty years since, the great world, engrafted on habits contracted by a long provincial residence, necessarily made me an excellent subject for mystification during the two months I have been in Paris. I have seen, therefore, in attendance around me, many of those honest people who speculate so profitably

on the simplicity of their new acquaintance. If I were curious to know the exact amount of the tribute levied on credulity and good faith, I should have been able to have made a very just computation by taking myself as a point of comparison.

I can easily understand how a man may ruin himself in a gaming-house; how he should acquire a bad opinion of the females whom he has met in the opera, or on the *boulevard de Gand;* that he should complain of the deceptions practised on him by men with whom he contracted a friendship at the green-room of *l'Ambigu-Comique*, or at the coffee-house of *Porte Saint Martin:* these are quicksands so notorious for a multitude of shipwrecks, that he who runs on one of them, has no right to blame any thing but his own imprudence. But, when none but the most honorable acquaintance are formed, when none but respectable society is sought, have we not a right to believe ourselves in security, and cannot we, without passing for simpletons,* confide in those that compose it? My example will be a sufficient reply to this question.

I had, once, formed the project of retrieving, in my hermitage in the forest of Senard, a part of my ancient and savage habits;† but the curiosity of the world pursued me in my retreat, and the nature of the literary occupations in

* A common expression applied to every species of confidence and probity.

† The author has omitted to mention in what character the subsequent anecdotes are related: it is certainly not in that of M. Guillaume. He seems to speak in the person of a wild man caught and half-civilized. T.

which I am engaged, made it necessary for me to divide my life between solitude and society.

My awkward gait, my Gothic politeness, and the traces of my former manners (which ought at present, however, to appear less strange,) made me the butt of all the importunate and pitiless questioners of the drawing-room. Play offered itself as a refuge, yet it was with considerable repugnance that I accepted the invitation of Madame de L***, to make the fourth in a game of boston, with three females, who, perhaps, had never in their whole lives been engaged in a more serious occupation; and who will have to reproach themselves, at the day of judgment, with the twelve hours of insupportable ennui which they imposed upon me during the week I continued to be their dupe.

The Chevalier de Sornay took pity on me, and generously offered to relieve me by engaging me in piquet, a game which I perfectly understood, and played very well; this, however did not prevent his being constantly the winner, which he continued to be with the politeness of the little Swiss of the Chevalier de Grammont, *entreating my pardon for the liberty he took.* I will not accuse any one, and I am willing to believe, that Fortune, among her other caprices, has that of always reserving three aces for M. le Chevalier every time he deals. But there are chances that are so constantly fortunate for one party, that we are tempted to believe ourselves the dupes of the fate that pursues us. However it may be, the young man who exposed me to the commission of this in-

justice, had such engaging manners, and won with such an equal temper, while I, on the other hand, lost with so bad a grace, that the spectators seemed inclined to take a real interest in his success, and amused themselves with the ill-humor I displayed in undrawing every evening the strings of my purse, to pay him the tribute of a few pieces of gold which he had imposed upon me. I know not how long my perseverence would have been content to contend with the skill of the Chevalier, to which, however, he gave the name of good luck, if M. de Rames had not charitably put me on my guard. I had frequently met this gentleman at Madame de Lory's: he called on me one morning with a tone expressive of the utmost frankness and kindness. After having first descanted upon the delicacy, the forbearance, and the reciprocation of kindness that ought to exist between honest men, he informed me, that the Chevalier de Sornay was a gentleman of extremely amiable manners, but who knew so well how to play with fortune on his side, that, for some time past, he had not been able to meet with dupes to join him in a game. I readily promised not to continue any longer the object of his deceit, and cordially thanked M. de Rames, who terminated the conversation by borrowing a score of louis from me, in so polite and delicate a manner, that I was tempted to renew my thanks for the honor he had done me in taking them.

I had scarcely counted this sum out to him, when M. de Mervieux arrived. During a fort-

night that I had been in the habit of meeting him in a house where I visited, he had testified a great desire to become more intimately acquainted with me. He consulted me, informed me of the news which he had learned, and asked my advice in the manner of a man who was determined to regulate his conduct by my opinions. "I am sure," said he, on the departure of Rames, "that you have just been duped "by that man, and that he has not left you "without borrowing a few louis. He is one, "whose debts are his sole income, and who "never returns the money which he has bor- "rowed, fearing that he shall not be able to de- "ceive you a second time." I thanked him for his information, and we conversed on other subjects. Politics were discussed in their turn, and I was astonished to discover that M. de Mervieux was a zealous partizan of an order of things, which may be, to a certain degree, regretted, but to hope for the return of which, must be either foolish or criminal. I explained my opinions on this head, and in the course of conversation I discovered myself, as I really am, equally adverse to despotism and anarchy, a decisive enemy to revolutions and re-actions, and not more convinced of the necessity of dying, than that the future safety of France depends on an entire union of sentiments and exertions. M. de Mervieux ended by coinciding in my opinions, and quitted me, apparently penetrated by my principles, which ought, he said, to become those of all good Frenchmen.

I met this gentleman the same day at a dinner-party at the house of Madame de Lorys; he was seated opposite to me at table, and appeared very much embarrassed in his manners; listened much, and spoke little; and answered in whispers to the questions which I addressed to him aloud.

The next day I was summoned before a magistrate, who reported to me a part of the conversation I had held the day before with M. de Mervieux, and in which the opinions I had combated were attributed to me. I had not much trouble in repelling an accusation with regard to the author of which I could not be mistaken; my age and situation of life spoke for me in this explanation with an honorable and intelligent man; who dismissed me with these words: "When you are alone with a "friend whom you *know*, speak openly, and "blame or approve of whatever political party "you please; but if a third be with you, be assured that I am there."

I departed very well satisfied with the magistrate, but filled with indignation against the wretch who had brought me into this situation, and hastened to the house of Madame de Lorys, to relate my adventure. On my arrival, I found my country neighbor, the philosophical encyclopedist, whom I mentioned in my last article. "You are yet a great child,*" said he to me, "and are perfectly ignorant of the world which

* This is something like the————————of Hesiod, which an Italian translator renders, *gran bambin Perse*. T.

" you inhabit. In the midst of Paris, you speak " and act as if you were still in the forests of " Guyana. Your dress is not the only thing " which you must change; you must also alter " your habits, or be prepared to be the perpetu- " al dupe of every one you see. It is long since " the most respectable society has been subject " to the kind of inquisition which has been " practised upon you; it is one of the blessings " of the last government; to that we owe the " army of spies with which France is still in- " fested. M. de Mervieux is probably a mem- " ber of this honorable militia; Madame de " Lorys will shut her doors against him, but " he will be replaced in less than a week, by " another of the same species, who will find " means to be introduced to her."

" Your Paris," I indignantly replied, " is a " den of intriguers, thieves, and informers: one " steals my money at play, another borrows " what he has not the slightest intention of re- " turning; and a third informs against me: and " this is society, this is civilization!"—" It is " an abuse of both these," replied my friend: " you may return thanks, however, to your age " and situation, which preserves you from a " certain species of dupery, of which, for your " consolation, I will cite as an example, an in- " cident which happened about a month ago.

" An old lawyer, one of my friends, a M. " Merival, had reached his fiftieth year unmar- " ried, on account of some old prejudices which " he entertained against women. But for the " last five or six years he found so many incon-

"veniencies in a single life, that he began to "seek, although vainly, in the brilliant society "which he frequented, a woman who united all "those qualities which he desired in his wife.

"Merival, who lived near the Tuileries, was "accustomed to frequent those gardens for "about an hour every morning while he read "the newspapers. He had several times re- "marked a female, of about thirty years of age, "an agreeable person and respectable demean- "or, accompanied by a child, who played while "the lady read, which she did with a degree of "attention that was only called off by her child, "whose amusements she observed with the ten- "derest solicitude. One day Merival seated "himself on the same bench with her, and some "accident emboldened him to address her. "The lady answered politely and coldly, "and again cast her eyes on her book, in a "manner that sufficiently manifested her wish "not to continue the conversation. Merival "sought only the more eagerly a fresh oppor- "tunity: she appeared more willing to con- "verse, and at the end of several days, an in- "timacy, the gradations of which were man- "aged on the part of the lady with infinite ad- "dress, was contracted, which gave my friend "a high opinion of her understanding and man- "ners. He obtained, with considerable diffi- "culty, a permission to accompany her home, "and all that he saw confirmed him in the "opinion, that chance had introduced him to "the only woman who could possibly suit him. "I do not mention the numerous circum-

" stances, and the chain of artifice, which alone
" render it credible that a sensible man could,
" without informing any of his friends, and
" without consulting his own good sense, de-
" termine to marry an adventurer, who gave
" herself out as the widow of an officer killed
" at the battle of Moskwa, but who, in fact,
" was one of those women who frequent the
" Tuileries and the boulevards *des Varietes*,
" and who have, for some time, been designated
" by the well-founded name of *Chat-en-Poche*.
" But, out of regard for my friend, I forbear to
" describe more clearly a class of females, from
" among whom he has unfortunately chosen his
" wife."

No. XXXIX.—*May* 31, 1815.

THE INSIDE OF A CHURCH.

"An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn." *Sir John Falstaff.*

Why is it, that, in all times and places, abuse keeps pace with custom, and that worldly ideas find access even into the most holy retreats? I can never enter a church without falling into pious contemplations, at the aspect of those vaulted aisles consecrated to prayer, where, in some sort, the child commences its life and the old man waits in peace for death, where the rich and poor, the feeble and the mighty, experience the same wants, form the same vows, and implore the same protection.

If I wish to banish these sublime images, and, without quitting the building, resume in all its miseries that human world of which I had lost sight, it is sufficient to pass from the nave to the sacristy, and to be present at the private con-

ferences of the curate, the beadle, the clerk, and the church-warden.

"*Who serves the altar must live by the altar.*" Nothing can be more just: make then, the altar a table, but do not make it a counter; live on it, but do not traffic on it. These establishments have really become houses of commerce; it is here, that the benefactions of the church are sold; that low masses and high masses, absolutions and baptisms, are cheapened like a bale of goods; that the presentation of holy bread, the choice of a collectress, the number of wax-lights for an office, the adjustment of the *chasubles*, become in turn the objects of the most serious debates and the most profound deliberations. A bargain is struck for a sermon, as for a pamphlet; intrigues are formed, to entice a good organist from a parish, as a country manager allures a good actor from the service of a competitor. Sometimes assemblies are held to regulate the price of seats, or to augment that of the little wax lights, which devotees burn before the images of St. Agnes or St. Pacome. Yesterday, the question was agitated, whether the chasuble of serge or of lampass ought to be worn for a mass of six francs; and to-day, it is discussed how much should be exacted for seats on the day when *Monseigneur* comes to confirm.

As it may be imagined that I speak rather lightly of subjects to which I am really a stranger, I believe it right to inform my readers of the source from which I draw my intelligence,

and of the person to whom I am in a great measure indebted for it.

My landlord, M. Moussinot, has a brother of the name of M. Durenard, formerly employed as a state messenger, from which office he has retired to the parish of St. P*** with an income of eighteen hundred and fifty livres, exclusive of his pension of a hundred crowns. This M. Durenard, whom I sometimes meet at his brother's, is a finished model of those good Parisian citizens, the spontaneous production of the soil of the *city* which they inhabit, and out of which I am inclined to think it would be rather difficult to preserve the species.

M. Durenard enjoys a great reputation in his *quarter;* he passes there for a clear-headed man, and the best player of dominos in the *Cafe de l' Etoile.* As he is sixty years of age, and has eighteen hours in the day, which he does not well know how to employ, he would be rather embarrassed for means to pass his time, if he had not created for himself civil and military occupations by procuring the place of church-warden of his parish, and that of a petty officer in a company of the national guard. It must be confessed, that this accumulation of dignities has not been without an ill effect on his character and manners. The church-warden of St. P*** will receive his friends only on certain days; he has made an anti-chamber of his landing-place, for his nephews, when they come to see him; and from the end of his seat in the church he regards the poor parishioners, who hear mass with their knees on the pave-

ment, with an air that might be taken for disdain. And it is remarked, that he never fails to appear on Sunday at high mass, in the dress of the National Guard.

M. Durenard has employed himself particularly in the cares of his parish, the revenues of which he boasts of having doubled by ingenious methods.

The first act of his administration as head church-warden, was to furbish up two heads of oxen, with which the porch of the church is decorated: for in turning over the leaves of Corrozet, Sauval, and Germain Brice, he discovered that the name of his church, and the singular decorations of the porch, owe their origin to the devotion of two oxen which knelt before the gate. And he very judiciously supposed, that, in restoring the miracle to the remembrance and to the sight of his parishioners, he should awaken their zeal and generosity.

M. Durenard next occupied himself in finding a cheap but good musician to play upon the organ, to which he added two new pipes.

The distribution of holy bread is a ceremony, on the advantages of which he has meditated with the greatest success. He has himself composed a list of the most opulent houses of his quarter, and of those in which the prettiest girls are to be found; from whom he always selects his collectress. I should not be surprized to find, that M. Durenard, to whom all ascetic books are familiar, has consulted the *Roman Bouageois* of Furetiere, in which I find the following description, which the church-warden

of St. P*** appears to have turned to his advantage:

"A pretty girl, whose office it was to collect "on this day, attracted a great number of peo- "ple, and all the fashionable young men who "wished to find favor with her, assembled ex- "pressly to put large pieces of money in her "plate; for this collection is a touchstone, at "which the beauty of a girl and the love of a "man may be tried. He is esteemed the most "ardent lover who presents the largest sum, "and the young lady is accounted the most "beautiful who makes the largest collection."

It appears by this, that devotion, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, was not exempt from those mundane calculations with which it is at present reproached, and on which M. Durenard has founded the greatest revenues of his church. On Sunday morning a *voiture de place*,* the best looking of the file, is sent for the pretty collectress, who repairs with great ceremony to church, preceded by the beadle, carrying the holy bread upon a silver gilt plate.

To these means of attracting the fashionable people to his church, M. Durenard has added another. He has brought again into fashion the promenade of the *quai de l'Archeveche*, where the most elegant women of the quarter repair on Sundays after high mass to make the attack of elegance and dress.

The rank he occupies in the national guard serves to enhance still more the eclat which he

* Hackney-coach.

gives to his parish. Not a soldier of the legion dies, but his funeral is conducted to St. P***: the company under arms, with muffled drums, follow the defunct; the organist executes the overture of *Young Henry*; the price of the seats is trebled, sentinels are placed at the doors of the church to maintain order, and the receipts are in general abundant.

The regret which this prototype of church-wardens most frequently manifests, is, that he never has had the advantage of the interment of a senator or state-counsellor; and he never speaks without envy of the curate of St. Thomas-d'Aquin, who boasts of having had five or six windfalls of this nature.

The choice of a preacher, which occupied M. Durenard for six months, is one of the most honorable results of his administration. The church revenues were not sufficient to pay an Abbe Fraissionous; but, calling to mind that the Abbe Bernis derived no less success from his exterior advantages, than Bourdaloue or Massillon from their holy eloquence, Durenard cast his eyes on a young seminarist, who had been, during two years, the tutor of the children of a minister, at whose house no feast was given, but under the direction of the Abbe Poupard; his talents in this line would have infallibly conducted him to a bishopric, but the revolution of the 31st March overturned his hopes.

The Abbe now applied himself to the composition of sermons. His natural vocation did not at all incline him to this kind of work; but

by the aid of a score of odd volumes of sermons, the flowers of which he well knew how to select, he succeeded in composing a discourse which in some places resembled those of Massillon. Nothing was now wanting for the Abbe Poupard but a pulpit, from which he might make his *debut;* that of the parish of St. P*** was vacant: he presented himself to our church-warden, who knew at once how to appreciate his sonorous voice, his flored complexion, the eclat of his glazed cap, and the elegance of his cassock fastened by a large girdle of mohair.

M. l'Abbe was not exorbitant, and the bargain was soon concluded. That very evening, M. Durenard proclaimed his choice at the *Cafe de l'Etoile*, and in a moment the news spread from the *rue de la Vieille Draperie* to the porch of *Notre Dame*. Very soon the handsome preacher was the only topic of conversation: the alarm diffused itself among the old confessors of the old women of the city; it was at its height, when he was seen to enter the church: never had any solemnity attracted so large a crowd.

The Abbe Poupard had dined that day at the house of the syndic of the church-wardens, with the parish curate and the principal members of the establishment. It was the first Sunday in Advent. After dinner they repaired to the church; the young preacher walked gracefully towards the stair-case of the pulpit, through a double row of elegantly dressed females. All eyes were fixed on him: his surplice of India muslin, arranged in artful folds, to which his

cassock of Neapolitan grogram imparted a dazzling whiteness; his hair waving gracefully on his shoulders, and the modest assurance of his demeanor, conciliated for him, before he began to speak, all the suffrages of his brilliant and crowded auditory.

The text of his sermon was *Christian humility*. Having negligently thrown a couple of handkerchiefs of the finest cambric on the cushion of the pulpit, and commanded attention by looking round him with the mildest expression of countenance, he gave forth his homily with so much energy and unction, that, without respecting the sanctity of the place, the assembly interrupted him several times by their murmurs of approbation; the impropriety of which, the vanity of the preacher appeared too visibly to excuse.

M. Durenard, quick in seizing opportunities, profited of this moment of enthusiasm to make a collection for the *necessities of the church*. The success with which this was attended, induced him to make another to defray the expenses of *lighting;* and a third was added for the *modest poor*, the produce of which was not less than that of the two others.

The capacity that M. Durenard displayed on this occasion, and of which he had given so many other proofs, obtained for him the honor of being elected perpetual church-warden. From that time, entirely absorbed in the affairs of his establishment, nothing escapes his vigilant administration. Four new tablets have been placed in the church with inscriptions,

expressed in such bad Latin, that even the women can understand them. To the daily collections he has added one for *souls in purgatory*, another for *poor converts*, and a third for the *relics* of St. Peter; in fine, thanks to the indefatigable zeal of its church-warden, the establishment of the parish of St. P*** will soon become rich enough to create a chapter, and to maintain a round dozen of canons.

No. LX.—*June 5, 1815.*

THE COUSINS.

"Injusta ab justis impetrare non decet." *Plaut.*

It is wrong to seek from the just what is not consonant to justice.

I was formerly attached to the person of one of the princes of the house of Bourbon. I do not know upon what circumstance the reputation I had in my province, of an influence which I did not really enjoy was founded—or, to what I was indebted for the numerous solicitations which I received, without having it in my power to serve those who addressed them to me. The following letter, which I received from one of my relations, is, in a manner, a summary of three or four hundred others to the same purpose.

MADAME THE MARCHIONESS DE*** TO M. LE CHEVALIER DE***.

" How delighted am I, my cousin, with the " events that have restored our illustrious " Princes to the throne! What happiness! You " have no idea of the influence which these " events, and your residence in Paris, give me " here. The prefect fears me; and his wife, who " never spoke to me before, has twice invited " me to dinner.

" But we must lose no time, and we rely on " you. Can you believe that my husband has " not taken a single step towards the reinstat- " ing himself in his place, under the pretence " that it no longer exists, and that his expenses " were reimbursed in assignats? He is the most " apathetic creature in the whole province.

" My brother-in-law has assumed the cross " of St. Louis. He would have been entitled to " it in nine years, when the revolution broke " out: it will be very unjust to refuse to enumer- " ate among his services the twenty years of " disturbance and misfortune that he has passed " on his estates. He relies on you for the ex- " pediting of his brevet.

" I enclose a memoir in favor of S. F***, my " eldest son. He has claims on the reversion " of his uncle. You can easily obtain it for him. " I wish that his brother, the Chevalier, should " enter into the marine service, but with a rank " worthy of his name and the former services of " his family. As to my grandson G***, he is of

" an age to become one of the pages: you need
" only say a single word, and he will be pro-
" moted.

" We set out for Paris at the beginning of
" next month, and I shall bring my daughter
" with me. I wish to place her at court—and
" this is a favor that cannot possibly be denied
" to your solicitations, if you mingle a little im-
" portunity and good-will.

" Pray remember poor F***: it is true, that
" he signalized himself in the revolution, but I
" assure you that he has altered his opinions
" considerably during the last month. You
" know he has nothing, and he is very ready
" to sacrifice every thing to our masters: his
" devotion would induce him to serve them as
" prefect, and it is a function he is very well
" qualified to discharge. You may remember
" the pretty song that he made for me.

" M. de B***, the son of a former intendant
" of the province, is coming to see you; pray
" try to be useful to him: he is a friend of the
" family. If the office of intendant be not re-es-
" tablished, he will be contented with the place
" of receiver-general: that is the least that can
" be done for a man devoted to his prince, and
" who was imprisoned six months during the
" reign of terror.

" I must not forget to recommend B*** to
" you. He is reproached with having served all
" parties, because he has been employed by all
" the governments that have succeeded to one
" another in France during twenty years; but
" he is an honest man, believe me, and was the

" first here who displayed the white cockade.
" Besides, he only wishes to be continued in
" his place of postmaster. Be so kind as to di-
" rect to me under cover to him.

" I enclose also the papers of my father-in-
" law. There are forty-five thousand francs due
" to him upon the estates in Languedoc, which
" have never been paid. I hope that the reim-
" bursement will not be delayed, and that you
" will not refuse to draw upon this sum, if you
" should experience any temporary embarrass-
" ment, which is hardly possible in your present
" situation.

" Adieu, my dear cousin. I embrace you on
" the part of the whole family, in expectation
" of the pleasure of seeing you soon in Paris.

" J. DE V***."

The following is the answer which I conceived it my duty to make.

" You will hardly believe, my dear cousin, with
" what interest I read the letter which you have
" done me the honor to address me, and what
" zeal I have employed in my endeavors to
" bring into notice the just and legitimate pre-
" tensions of all the persons whom you recom-
" mend. You cannot be more suprised than I
" am at the obstacles which oppose themselves,
" and which you would judge insurmountable,
" if you knew as well as I do the persons whose
" favor you solicit.

" When I requested for your eldest son, who
" has always had an intention of entering into

" the service, a commission in the regiment in " which his father formerly served, I was an- " swered, as an objection of some weight, that " peace was now made, and that before M. de " S. F*** could be thought of, it would be ne- " cessary to provide for 25,000 officers, of whom " some—can you believe it?—were promoted " on account of their campaigns and of their " wounds, and some even went so far as to ad- " vance claims on the number of battles at " which they had been present; while others, " more closely attached to the misfortunes of " the royal family, have re-entered France de- " prived of every other fortune than the ben- " eficence and promises of the King. I asked " somewhat angrily, what they would do for " your son, and for a crowd of royalists, who " had so long sighed in secret over the misfor- " tunes of the state, and whose vows were con- " tinually offered up for the restoration of the " Bourbon family to the throne of their ances- " tors? I was answered, that they would re- " joice at the termination of their misfortunes, " and at the accomplishment of their vows.

" Your husband is indeed a singular man; " and I can conceive, my dear cousin, all that " his astonishing apathy must cause you to en- " dure. At the age of sixty-five at most, and " reduced to an income of forty thousand francs " per annum, he confines himself to his chateau, " and believes himself entitled to renounce the " career of ambition, as if a gentleman could " have any right to die in his bed.

" I regret that your brother-in-law has as-

" sumed the cross of St. Louis without having " had it before; for it may possibly happen, " that the king will not relinquish the right of " conferring this decoration himself, and he may " not agree to the justice that some people are " so eager to render themselves. You will feel " that there is less inconvenience in never " having had the cross of St. Louis, than in " being obliged to resign it.

" I have not neglected to represent the rights " of your son, the Chevalier; and I do not " despair of being able to make him pass exam- " ination in the royal marine. We will then " do our best to advance him over the heads of " a hundred officers, by far too proud of their " valor, of their former fame, and of the devo- " tion which they pretend to have displayed at " Quiberon.

" Your Grandson G*** is inscribed among " the pages expectant. But indeed, my cousin, " I cannot say when he will be admitted at the " hotel; for your demand comes at the end of " 3775 others made by the sons of gentlemen, " of officers who died on the field of battle, " without the least distinction as to the services " rendered to the state or to the prince.

" You have an excellent idea of placing your " daughter at court; and the affair will not be " difficult when you have found a husband for " her, whose rank and fortune may call her to " a station there. Till then, I do not well see " what she can do there, or what part she can " conveniently play, although she is already so " much more than of age.

"I presented a petition in favor of F***, at "the end of which I inserted the pretty song "he made for you; but the people here have "become so unreasonable, that such claims do "not suffice for obtaining even the *poor* place "of prefect. And I must also tell you, that "they do not count for much the conversion of "your *protege*, and the sacrifices that he is "ready to make. His enemies persist in affirm-"ing, that he is not worthy of confidence!

"It is not yet ascertained, whether the of-"fice of intendants will be re-established; but "it is believed that the receivers-general will "be diminished, if only by the number of those "who administered the departments now sepa-"rated from France. This makes me fear that "M. de B*** must be forced to content him-"self with the enormous fortune which his "father made in the old farms, and which he "found means to conceal during the storm of "the revolution. A little philosophy will re-"concile him to his hard necessity.

"Be perfectly easy concerning the fate of "B***. During five and twenty years he has "slid through all parties without being hurt by "any; he is a man of wonderful address, and "no one can serve him so well as he can serve "himself.

"I return, my dear cousin, the papers rela-"tive to your father-in-law's claims upon the "government of Languedoc: their liquidation "does not appear very near at hand. However "just your claims may be, it has been decided, "that the arrears due to the troops, the nation-

" al debt, the military pensions, and a crowd of " similar objects, shall first be taken into con- " sideration. This measure is obviously the " fruit of some intrigue. You may charge F*** " with the composition of a good pamphlet on " the most urgent necessities of the state, and " engage him to put this debt in the first line. " You can have no idea how much the govern- " ment is influenced by these little treaties, " which bad faith, folly, and hunger produce " every day with so laudable an emulation.

" From this train of circumstances you may " perceive, my dear cousin, that you must arm " yourself with patience. I must even tell you, " that I fear the journey you propose to make " to Paris, will not tend greatly to the advance- " ment of your affairs. By a computation made " upon the accounts of the police, there are at " this moment in Paris 123,000 provincials of " every rank and age, who are armed with " claims almost as incontestable as yours, and " who have over you, in the obtaining of a " speedy refusal, the inappreciable advantage " of having been before-hand with you in their " demands. Finally, as I know your philosophy " and taste for elegant literature, I entreat you " to re-peruse a chapter in the Spectator, upon " the just pretensions of those who demand em- " ployments; it is in the 32d number of the 7th " volume of the edition in eight volumes 12mo. " Similar events produce similar men.

" Accept, my dear cousin, the assurance of " my tender and respectful attachment.

" The Chevalier de***."

No. XLI.—*June* 10, 1815.

THE TWO CHAMPS-DE-MAI.

"Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes." *Hor. Ode* 11.

A power impels the tide of human things.

If the institutions of nations invariably kept pace with the progress of civilization, revolutions would never change the face of empires. These political storms almost always arise from the shock of laws and manners driven in opposite directions. The customs of the twelfth century are not less strange to us than the language that was spoken in that age. Let us suppose, for a moment, that a Frenchman of the time of Philip-le-Bel should revive among us, and that, his genealogy in his hand, he should prove and make us acknowledge his right to the crown of France; this new Epimenides would either conform to our manners, or cause a revolution to force us to conform to his. If any thing appears to me to be demonstrated in pol-

itics, it is, that a sovereign should keep pace with the progress of his age; and that he equally hastens to his ruin in seeking to retard it, or in advancing it with too great precipitation. Both these examples are yet before us.

Napoleon has done great things; but let us not fear to tell him that he has done nothing for liberty; he has seen how far the devotion of the French would go, and it rests only on him to prove the extent of their gratitude. Let him be great, and let France be free: These two conditions are henceforth inseparable.

The general assembly of the nation, convoked at the *Champ-de-Mai*, may become for him, as well as for us, a new epoch of glory. If I were disposed to quibble on words, I would ask, What means the denomination of *Champ-de-Mai?* It will furnish me, at least, the occasion of one of those historical resemblances, by means of which the progress of a nation has made can be measured at a glance.

The authors who have continued the Chronicle of Fredegaire, explain themselves as follows, upon one of the assemblies of the *Champ-de-Mai;* a practice among the two first lines of kings.

"In the year 766 Pepin assembled the army "of the Franks, or, rather, the army of the na- "tions that composed the subjects of the mon- "archy: he advanced as far as Orleans; and "there he held his council of war in the form "of a *Champ-de-Mai* (for this prince was the "first who deferred till the month of May an "assembly which had always before been held

" in March.) All the Franks and all the no-
" bility made him considerable presents." This is all they tell us concerning this assembly, the first that was known under the name of *Champ-de-Mai*. Prior to this epoch, the Franks had repaired by tribes to the *Champ-de-Mars* to deliberate on a peace to be made, or a new campaign to be undertaken: " Thus," as the Abbe Dubos observes, " *these assemblies were* " *only great councils of war.*"

Towards the end of the second line, the feudal system was established in France on the wrecks of the royal power: titles and personal sevices became the property of certain families; every civil or military officer was possessed of a *fief;* " and" as Loyseau says, " *the name of* " *Lord Paramount was then first heard—a* " *word as strange as that kind of sovereign-* " *ty was absurd.*"

The royal court was now the resort only of a crowd of petty sovereigns, who not yet daring to speak of their *subjects*, designated the inhabitants of their estates under the name of *vassals*, which expressed very nearly the same idea. These great and little *feudatories* came to traffic for their *serfs* with the monarch, whose authority they often despised. The tyranny of these little despots always clashing till the reign of Philip-le-Bel, determined this prince to convoke a general assembly of the nation, where, for the first time, the people obtained a shadow of representation.

The states assembled on the 10th April 1302, some months after the unfortunate battle of

Courtrai. I have discovered in a manuscript supplement to the work of the learned Prior of *Neuville-les-Dames*, some curious details of this memorable ceremony; I shall extract a few passages, in which the manners of the times are painted with a great deal of truth.

" The King," (says Joachim Legrand,) " in " the embarrassing circumstances in which he " found himself placed, determined, by the ad- " vice of Enguerrand de Marigny, to convoke " a general assembly of the three orders of the " state. The Chancellor Pierre Flotte address- " ed private letters to all the prelates, the no- " blemen, the deputies of the provinces, towns, " universities, and religious establishments. " The church of *Notre-Dame* had been assign- " ed for the place of convocation, and the King, " notwithstanding the bad state of his finances, " thought himself obliged to display, on this " occasion, all the luxury of the royal majesty. " Two thrones had been placed in the choir, " the one on the right of the grand altar, for the " King; the other on the left, for the Queen. " The great vassals of the crown and the depu- " ties of the clergy filled the choir upon em- " blazoned chairs; the nave was occupied by " the syndics of the commons. King Philip, " dressed in a robe of gold cloth, adorned with " a cape of ermine, repaired on horse-back " from his palace to *Notre-Dame*, preceded by " five hundred men at arms; forming four com- " panies, of which the first was armed with " cross-bows, the second with lances, the third

" with swords, and the fourth with *gas-armes*·*
" The king rode immediately before the litter
" of the Queen, which was carried by twelve
" servants, richly dressed in upper coats of sil-
" ver cloth. The two young princes, Philip
" Count of Poitou, and Charles Count of la
" Marche, were by the side of their mother;
" while their eldest brother, Louis of France,
" thirteen years of age, was on horse-back be-
" side the King, his father. The pages, to the
" number of five and twenty, and the grand
" equerry, Gautier de Launay, surrounded the
" litter. The Marshal Guy de Clermont closed
" the procession at the head of two companies
" of archers, one of which was commanded by
" the brave son of Raoul de Flamenc, and the
" other by John de Corbeil."

" The King and Queen were received by the
" Bishop of Paris at the head of his clergy, un-
" der two canopies of white mohair, ornament-
" ed with gold fringe. The mass of the Holy
" Ghost was celebrated, after which Raoul de
" de Perreau, master of the ceremonies, placed
" each according to his rank. The galleries
" were occupied by all the people of distinction
" in Paris.

" Philip, having risen, pronounced these
" words: 'Noblemen of France, and you mem-
" bers of the *popular state;* you are now to hear
" what shall be considered good for the welfare
" of my person, and the liberties of the king-
" dom.' The Chancellor Pierre Flotte, having

* A species of sword.

" then received the orders of the King, pro-
" nounced a discourse on the situation of France,
" in which he severely animadverted ' against
" the enterprizes of the Pope Boniface VII.
" whom he designated by the most irreverent
" names; he showed the necessity of continuing
" the war in Flanders, and finished by claim-
" ing, in the name of the King, the aid of men
" and money, to defray the expenses of the
" war, and the wants of the state.' The King
" himself commanded *that every tribe should*
" *itself declare its resolutions by the form of a*
" *council.*

" The Counts Guy of St. Pol, John de Dreux,
" and William Duplessis, seigneur of Vezno-
" ble, declared themselves accusers of the Pope,
" and protested, as well as the King, against
" the bulls fulminated by Boniface. The result
" of this public protestation was, to cause the
" immediate departure of Nogaret for Italy, to
" seize upon the Pope, who had retired to the
" town of Anagnia. This hardy enterprise was
" afterwards executed with the assistance of
" Sciarra-Colonne, a private enemy of Boni-
" face.

" This assembly, of which so much mention
" is made in history, was dissolved without
" having produced any effect. The *nobility*
" protested their devotion to the King, without
" giving the slightest proof of it; the *clergy*
" wished to refer to a council, before they re-
" solved upon the sacrifices they were required
" to make; and the *tiers-etat* confined them-
" selves to a request, which they presented on

" their knees, supplicating the King to preserve " the integrity of the kingdom."

The learned Joachim Legrand, from whom I have extracted this account, considered this assembly, into which the commons were admitted, as a continuation of the *Champ-de-Mai:* Pasquier, observing that the *tiers* were called separately and not conjointly with the nobility and clergy, does not agree in the opinion of Joachim, and will not even look upon this assembly as in the number of *states-general,* of which he traces the origin as far back as king John.

I leave Philip-le-Bel protesting against the interdict laid upon his kingdom. I pass over at once the interval of five centuries, and find myself, on the 4th June of the year 1815, the witness of a similar event aggrandized by all the space which separates it from that, the remembrance of which I have revived.

The cannon resounds from all the newly fortified heights of this ancient capital, the entire population of which pours itself towards that *Champ-de-Mars,* where, five and twenty years ago, the first cries of liberty were heard. This passing reflection is not exempt from bitterness, when I think of the multitude of evils to which these cries were a signal; but a long and terrible experience has ripened our reason, and has but too well taught us not to confound a revolutionary delirium with the bold energy of patriotism.

I arrive at this vast enclosure, and I take my place in the magnificent amphitheatre, where

twenty thousand electors, collected from all parts of France, come to express in the name of a great people, their wishes for liberty and their fears for their country.

I survey this immense esplanade, bounded on every side by the crowd of citizens, where, in the midst of the twelve legions of the national guard, the flower of an army which commanded Europe for fifteen years prepares to take, before its chief, the engagement of dying, if necessary, for the service of that country which it has so long rendered illustrious.

It is noon, and a volley of artillery has already announced the arrival of Napoleon; he advances in the midst of the acclamations of the military. Never has the admiration of the French been attracted to a more imposing spectacle; never have so great destinies weighed on the head of a single man; and never have there been more decisive symptoms of one of those great events which change the face of empires. What will be the issue, a few months, possibly a few days, may tell!

No. XLII.—*July* 8, 1815.

A POLITICAL PROFESSION OF FAITH.

" Eheu ! quantus equis, quantus adest viris
" Sudor ! quanta moves funera."
Hor. Od. XIII. lib. 1.

The storm of war has swept the plain,
The mourners lead the funeral train.

Every man who has received, or arrogates to himself the privilege of writing on the men and affairs of his time, should, in all circumstances, be ready to give an account of his conduct and political opinions. Successes and reverses are dispensed by Fortune to nations, as well as individuals. She crowns our exertions, or disappoints our hopes; but she has no power over truth or justice, of which the triumph, sooner or later, is assured to us by reflection and observation; yet it is a melancholy consideration, that this triumph always comes too late to be of any advantage to those whom it most concerns.

I have continued my observations on our manners during the last year, under the name of the *Plain Dealer*. In the course of this year, which has been marked by a triple epoch, and by one of those disastrous events with which

History adorns her bloody annals, manners have been only passions, and opinions scarcely more than feelings. He who would examine either of these, must often confound them; and more than once, in my different articles, moral questions have taken the form of political discussions; my mind has been constantly swayed by the feelings of patriotism and a sense of the national dignity: it is of this truth that I wish to convince my readers.

There are national disasters of such magnitude, as to silence all parties for a time. No Frenchman can be ignorant of this feeling; and, whatever may be the color that he adopts, the prince whom he serves, or the government that he may desire, the day of *Waterloo* must ever be to him a day of mourning and of tears.

I leave it to those who entirely devote themselves to the service and fortune of one man, in whose destiny they implicate their own, to rejoice in the success of the Stranger, or to grieve for the fall of Napoleon: the difference of princes is nothing to me, except so far as it concerns the welfare of France; and the best, in my eyes, will always be the one who shall give us the greatest chances in favor of happiness and liberty.

After a frightful struggle of five and twenty years, our country, always torn, always deceived in its wishes, and disappointed in its hopes, now offers only its bleeding limbs to the conqueror who would enslave, or the prince who would govern it.

I do not envy the satisfaction which the *pure*

royalists participate with our enemies; nor do I sympathize in the despair of some Napoleonists, who only regret victory as an instrument of despotism; I weep bitterly over my country; I invoke an order of things that may restore peace—the only good to which we can now pretend, since the independence of a kingdom is, and ever will be, inseparable from its glory.

In politics, firm principles do not always suppose invariable opinions: he who desires above all things the welfare of his country, seeks it in all situations, and does not hesitate to turn to the best advantage an obstacle which he cannot remove. Partisans alone affect an immovable probity, and persevere in the path that leads to their own interests, without sacrificing a single point to the public weal, or to the irresistible empire of circumstances. These party-colored egotists may pride themselves on the French name, at a time when the natives of France are almost ashamed to bear it. Let them equally triumph, the one for having lost their end, the other for having gained it; but I shall persist in regarding them as enemies to the real interests of their country. True Frenchmen (of which number I have the pride to think myself one) are those who, giving its due praise to all that is admirable in the character of Napoleon, had formed for the last ten years a tacit coalition to place a barrier, or at least a check, to his ambition and his despotism.

The true French are those, who, when the force of events had hurled from the throne him whom victory had raised to it, awaited the re-

turn of Louis XVIII. with joy, and nobly demanded what the French nation had a right to expect from him, those free institutions for which we had contended during the space of five and twenty years, the acquisition of which can alone put a period to the revolution: all parties had united in one will; and if the prince, called to the throne by the universal wish of the nation, had accepted, and not given, a Constitutional Charter, which would have placed him in the happy inability of ceding to the suggestions of his ministers, or to the absurd pretensions of his courtiers; the nation, happy and free, would have forgotten, in the repose it enjoyed, the glory which it had forfeited, and which recent recollections made so painful.

What happened at these epochs? Power intoxicated Napoleon: his numerous flatterers found the means of rendering him odious, even in the lap of triumph, by exciting in him that fever of ambition by which he was devoured, and by making his victories the mere instruments of despotism. This colossal and monstrous power, elevated in contradiction to all the rules of political equilibrium, fell from its base, and covered France with its ruins.

The fall of Napoleon, in which all Europe rejoiced, by restoring to the French a hope of liberty, rendered them less sensible to that reverse in which chance had so long a share. They viewed, in the arrival of the Bourbons, the term of a glorious slavery. They flattered themselves, that a good, generous and sensible prince, educated in the school of adversity,

would know how to make them compensation for the sufferings they had endured during his long absence; and that he would claim the inheritance of Henry IV. only as the heir of his virtues. This illusion was speedily destroyed by the courtiers of Louis XVIII. The amiable qualities and beneficent intentions of that monarch were neutralized by the narrow policy of his ministry, and the Gothic pretensions of his court.

From that time a counter-revolution was to be apprehended. It took place without a single obstacle, and without costing a single drop of blood.

Bonaparte at the head of six hundred men, darted, if I may use the expression, from the rock of Elba to the place of the Tuileries. The magic words of *glory* and *national independence* cleared all the roads before him; the army received him with enthusiasm, and the nation again reduced by his promises, eager for the liberty which he offered, forgot the Emperor, and remembered only the First Consul. They trusted that misfortune, exile and reflection had caused a happy change, and that Napoleon, in peace, would place his glory in nourishing the public liberty, to which he had been the most dangerous enemy.

In this posture of affairs, I saw with despair that Europe armed herself anew against us; I had even the fault, in which I shall probably persist, of wishing that our arms might be victorious, and of viewing an enemy in a foreign force, under whatever banner it might present

itself. Unequal as was the contest in which we were about to engage, I did not believe it improbable that we should remain the conquerors: I did not count the numbers of the enemy; I only beheld the invincible courage of our troops, and the military prowess of our generals. It appeared to me that two hundred thousand Frenchmen, well commanded, might triumph over the combined forces of Europe.

These noble illusions were destroyed by the event of the battle of Waterloo. My hopes may receive another name from those estimable Frenchmen, who rejoiced in beholding the armies of Europe poured upon the fields of France, and the national glory extinguished in the plains of Belgium. The flower of the first army in the world perished on that fatal day. I could have wished that the extraordinary man who ruled us fifteen years, had found a death worthy of himself, under the fire of the English cannon, and that he had not caused us to blush in seeing him drag out the remainder of his life in the prisons of king John, which is the fate that appears to await him. But whatever may be his destiny, his political career is finished, and he has forever ceased to reign over France; his sceptre, which he held but with the hands of victory, is broken with his sword.

The fatal consequences of the 18th of June, in bringing the legions of the enemy to the walls of our capital, and in again placing the public choice under the irresistable empire of force, prepare a new fate for France, on which it is to be feared all human wisdom can have but a

feeble influence. In the terrible situation in which we are placed, at the aspect of the evils to which our country is a prey, we are only accountable for our remembrances and our hopes. I do not fear to recall the one, or to expose the other.

Equally an enemy to anarchy and despotism, I have preserved my liberty under the different governments that have succeeded each other in France during the last five and twenty years; I have neither sought nor wished for places, pensions, or favors; and I might claim a species of merit from the numerous persecutions of which I have been the object. I was for a long time the companion of our warriors; I participated in their labors, and enjoyed their triumphs with enthusiasm. I was not seen in the ranks of any party, in the anti-chamber of any palace or in the cabinet of any minister: I wished (and such have ever been the feelings that have directed my pen) that, under whatever government France might be placed, she should not lose the only fruits of the terrible revolution she has undergone—that liberty, and those political rights, which neither have, nor can have, any guarantee but in a constitution freely recognized and solemnly sworn. In the list of the means which might conduct to so favorable a result, I have not to reproach myself with having for a moment paused on the chances of a civil war, and still less on the success of foreign arms: for the honor of a nation is even of more value than its liberty.

It is at present to be feared that France cannot, for a long time at least, aspire to military glory; and I confine myself to wishes for its happiness, if it be possible that the one can exist without the other.

To attain this end, we must forget, in the enjoyment of peace, and under the reign of a popular monarch, that France, for fifteen years, dictated laws to Europe, and that during the short space of fifteen months, a foreign power has twice entered the gates of our capital. We must forget those cruel factions which have torn our country. We must persuade ourselves that the monarch who is called to reign over us, after the endurance of so many storms, ought to enjoy the confidence of his people, and that this reciprocal confidence can result only from mutual sacrifices. It is not a restoration, but a regeneration, that we need: an inviolable social contract, which may for ever unite the people to the sovereign, which may secure their interest and their rights, and in the shade of which the royal authority and public liberty may flourish in conjunction.

Such are my wishes: why cannot I say, my hopes?

THE END.

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